MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &C.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

JOURNAL OF

VOLUME XXXI:::::NO. 9. BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1871. WHOLE NUMBER 1566

MASSACHUSETES PLOUGHMAN
NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society.

ISSUED WEEKLY AT

31 & 33 North Market Street, Boston,

(Opposite Faneuil Hall.)

GEO. NOYES, Proprietor and Publisher.

TERMS. $2.50 per annum in advance. $3.00 if not paid in advance. Single copies five cents.

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Editorial.

FALL MANURING.

We have often referred to the importance of hauling out and spreading barnyard manures in the fall, and we should not think it necessary to call attention to it again were it not that in travelling through the farming towns we see numerous instances where these manures have been hauled out and left in heaps upon the ground where they will very soon freeze up to lie all winter. How any reading and reflecting farmer can follow this practice it is difficult to conceive. It is wasteful of time and money, for a large part of the value of the manure so left all winter, is lost from washing by heavy rains, and goes down into the ground where it is not most wanted. Whether the land is to be broken up and cultivated in the spring or the manure is to be spread on the surface as a top dressing, the practice of leaving it in the heaps is wasteful and slovenly, and results in a loss of very nearly if not quite one-half the money value.

Now we believe in manuring in the fall. Before our long and coarse barnyard manures can become available for plant food, they must become finely pulverised and broken down and so diffused throughout the surface soil. If applied in the fall they are broken up by the frosts and washed down into the soil by the rains. The mixture of the really valuable ingredients of the manure with the earth is more intimate and complete than any covering and mixture with the narrow in the spring can be, and the advantage of this subdivision and mixture is great, that, as compared with an application of the same manure in the spring, the crop resulting from the fall application will be nearly double on an average, that is the manure will be twice as efficient as if its application were delayed till the opening of spring.

But the objection is often urged that the loss by washing will be very great. That is not to as a general rule. On soils of an ordinarily retentive character, the washing is very slight, unless the surface is very steep, and even then it will not be so great as many would think. Where the surface is tolerably level, such land as is commonly cultivated, the loss from spreading manure on the surface, either of grass land or ploughed, is nothing to speak of. If there is any moving of the particles of manure it is very slight, but in point of fact the most soluble parts are taken out by the water and carried down into the soil, just the place of all others where they are most wanted. Loam and clayey soils will absorb every particle of these soluble substances the instant they come in contact. This fear of washing is not well founded. Nor is the apprehension of a loss by evaporation. The evaporation from the surface at this season of the year and through the winter is very slight indeed, so slight as to be quite imperceptible. Indeed, the evaporation of manures at any season is slight, that is the loss of any considerable amount of fertilizing elements, and at this time of year it is not to be mentioned.

Now consider for a moment the great advantages of getting the manure out and well worked into the soil. In the spring the surface of the ground is soft. It is an injury to go over it with loaded teams. If it does not cut up and disturb the surface, it will consolidate and thus injure it. Then again all is hurry in the spring. There are all sorts of work to do, and little time to do it in. Many a farmer is late in getting in his seed, just because there were so many loads of manure to be got out. Why not get it out now and spread it directly from the cart, and give the crop you propose to put in next spring the benefit of it?

A great deal can be done to build up a compost heap at this season of the year. We cannot say how much real fertilising value there may be in leaves, large quantities of which can now be gathered without any very great amount of labor. Some pretend to say they do not pay, while others think they pay well for gathering. Where they are handy, they can be added to the compost heap with muck and loam, road scrapings and other substances that are often allowed to go to waste. A few loads of heating manure from stables where horses are fed on grain, will soon set up a rapid fermentation, and give you a valuable bank from which to draw large interest when the spring opens.

Manure is our main reliance. No matter how good our soil may be, nor how favorable its location, we can never expect to be relieved from the necessity of large and liberal applications of manure. In this respect the market gardeners set us a good example. The question with them is not how little manure they can get along with, but how much they can use with increased profit. And they soon find out that the quantity is very large, that their profits increase almost in the exact ratio of their increase of manure. They use from fifty to seventy loads of good compost manure to an acre in addition to five or six hundred pounds of some special fertilizer, the best they can get hold of. Now if such liberality pays them, why should it not pay the farmer? If they can make money after going to the expense of filling their soil with manure, why should not the farmer? The nearer we can bring our lands to the condition of market garden soils, the better crops they will produce. We must get over this habit which so many of us have, of going over too much surface with too thin a coating of manure. Better manure one acre first rate than half manure two.

But some one may ask, what am I to do? I have so many acres of land and only about so much manure. The grass is running out on all my fields, or some of them two seasons of terrible drought, and they ought to be turned over and laid down, but I have not manure to give them. I can let them lie and take their chance, giving me only enough to pay for cutting and curing, but I cannot manure them if I turn them up.

This is the case with very many old fields. They have suffered the last two years, and will suffer longer unless something is done. What better can be done with them than to give them a rotation of clover? Suppose such fields had been well ploughed this fall and left to the mellowing influences of the winter, and then sown with clover and barley in the early spring, the barley to be cut green for fodder and the clover left to grow the succeeding year. If a farmer could muster up the pluck to turn down the first crop he would secure the advantage of a good dressing of manure. But suppose his courage fails him and he yields to the temptation to cut a heavy crop of clover. He will cut it early of course, say in June, while it is in blossom. With fair luck as to weather and moisture, he would get a good second growth of clover which could be turned down in August when the land could very properly be seeded down permanently with a mixture of grasses.

We think that treatment would be successful. With many lands we know it would be, but take our farm lands as we find them, and with an application of plaster on the clover, or better, plaster and ashes, we think a good growth could be secured, and the burden of the second crop, together with the mass of clover roots in the soil, would be equivalent to a fair dressing of manure. Would it not be better in any event, than to let the old fields lie as they are?

Of course it is better in such cases to plough up and cultivate thoroughly, get the soil into a mellow and fertile condition and then lay down honestly and fairly as every farmer would desire to do. We suggest a sort of makeshift, a method of getting on without manure enough, and still keep up the yield of our old fields which have suffered from drought. If not the very best way to do, is it not the best under the circumstances in which many of us find ourselves placed? If we cannot make manure enough and cannot buy it, is there any better course to take than this?

THE RASON.

The storm of last week was pretty general in New England, and was just what was needed to help fill up the springs and streams in preparation for winter. In the condition of almost parched drought in which we have been for many months there is little probability of our having too much of a good thing. But let us remember that "it is a long lane that has no turning," and that it is quite likely that we shall have more favorable seasons for a year or two, than last year and this. Some writers have called attention to the "advantages of droughts," a very appropriate subject indeed. We are glad of any attempt to look on the bright side of adversity. It is a good thing to be able to keep up courage, and if any advantage comes to our parched soils in field and pasture, we shall be glad to welcome it. With all the drawbacks to the success of farming in New England, the droughts which reduce our crops and dry up the supplies of milk, the extortions of our defective market system, the expense and unsatisfactory quality of hired labor, the high cost of everything purchased and the difficulty of getting much for what we produce on the farm, we still have many blessings which surround our life, and next week the great heart of New England will rise in a joyful Thanksgiving to the Author of our being for having preserved our lives and cast our lot in a land of peace and comparative plenty.

DISEASES AMONG THE POULTRY.

In last week's *Ploughman* were two communications in relation to diseases among poultry, which, in the crowd of other matter, we were obliged to delay answering until this week. One from S. T. T., of Lexington, seems to be a description of a disease entirely new to us, although in some respects it resembles the disease known as *crop-bound*, but of course this would not appear as a general complaint, and would only affect individual birds. Perhaps a careful dissection and examination of the different parts of one of these sick fowls will reveal the cause of the disease.

H. M., of Waltham, describes what appears to us to be the *leg*-weakness.

Tegetmeier recommends "the administration of from three to eight grains of citrate of iron daily, and a due supply of nutritious food, care being taken to select such substances as are flesh-producing, and not fattening."

We would recommend in addition to the above an occasional feed of fresh meat, and a good supply of old plaster or broken oyster shells should be kept by them.

Scales or scabs on the legs of fowls may be removed by two or three applications of lard and flour of sulphur rubbed on profusely.

—[ED.

SHOE-NO HORSES.

The *Mirror and Farmer* truly says: "It is almost impossible to get horses shod without having the frogs cut away. All veterinary surgeons, all horsemen, all leading blacksmiths, agree that the frog should not be pared one particle—not even trimmed. No matter how pliable and soft the frog is, cut it away smooth on all sides, and in two days it will be dry and hard as a chip. You might as well cut off all the leaves of trees, and expect them to flourish, as to pare away the frog, and have a healthy foot. The rough, spongy part of the frog is to the foot what leaves are to the trees—the lungs. Never have a red-hot shoe put upon the foot to burn it level. If you can find a blacksmith that is mechanic enough to level he foot without a red-hot iron, employ him. The burning process deadens the hoof and tends to contract it. If you do not think so, try the red-hot poker on your finger nail, and see if it will not affect the growth of that.

THE PROGRESS OF BREEDING.

It was a remark of Col. Jacques, whom many of us remember as the occupant of Ten Hills Farm in Somerville, that he could breed an animal to order, no matter what was required, within the natural limits of the species. That is, give him time and he could produce anything he wished. To do this he [illegible] of what was wanted, a definite object to aim at. No doubt Bakewell, soon after he began his successful experiments, formed in his mind an accurate model or ideal of what he desired to attain. The form of the animal best adapted to his purposes must have been clear in his own mind, and he was to work up to it, as far as possible, at each successive step.

And so every breeder should get a clear notion of what he wants and study the means by which he will be most likely to attain the end in view. If he has not such a notion to guide him, he will be likely to work in the dark and of course to blunder more or less, by false steps which will inevitably delay him. He will be compelled to feel his way along with more or less of doubt and uncertainty, and if he arrives at any valuable end it will be very much a matter of chance.

No doubt the positive development of the principles of breeding, has been a matter of growth, that is, the ideas and plans of the early breeders enlarged and matured as they advanced in their experiments till at last it became somewhat a matter of science, so that now we can take advantage of the results of experience and proceed with much greater certainty from one step to another than it was possible for the early breeders, like Bakewell and Colling, to do. The pioneers in any direction have to take the brunt of the difficulties and work their way along as they can. They cannot draw upon the past as their followers can, but by slow and painful study and effort, on which they are to base their operations in the future.

Now considering this fact it must be admitted that great results have been obtained in the breeding of domestic animals of every description. Intelligent breeders have devoted their lives to the improvement of the horse, the cow, the sheep, the dog, the pig and the poultry of the farm yard, and even the pigeon has come in for its share of attention, nor has the pet rabbit been overlooked. The multiplication of varieties has kept pace with individual improvement, so that from single species, originally wild perhaps, we have families of each of these species better adapted for special purposes than their progenitors.

If we reflect, for a moment, how intimately connected with the comfort and even the existence of man these animals are, we can form some idea of the value of these improvements to the race. It is simply incalculable. The triumph of mind over matter measures the progress of civilization in all times, but the power of man over the animal creation is nowhere so plainly manifest as in the changes which have been wrought in natural species. Take for example the

SHORTHORNED COW.

What symmetry and beauty of form! What perfection in every limb! What adaptation to the special purposes for which she is designed! Compared with the native cattle of the country she seems to come as near to the ideal model of an animal of this class as it is practicable to attain. And yet it is but little over a century since she was created as a distinct and peculiar breed. The purity of her blood has been guarded with the strictest care till her hereditary power, or the certainty of transmitting all her characteristics to her offspring, is marvellous, till it is impossible to mix a strain of this rich blood with that of an animal of a common and poorer class of cattle without improvement. We never look upon the magnificent proportions of the Shorthorn cow without amazement at the skill, the thought and the genius, which have been applied to bringing about such results.

We allude to the shorthorn simply as an example of what has been, and what can be accomplished, by perseverance and skill, in the breeding of animals, and we say that, taking all things into consideration, the character of the stock at the time the efforts at improvement were undertaken, the little that was known of previous efforts in the same direction, the difficulties to be overcome in procuring suitable changes in the strain of blood to avoid the certain disaster of too close in-and-in breeding, and the liberality of farmers, the results are wonderful.

The same remark may be applied with equal truth, perhaps, to the horse. Who can look upon a Clydesdale, with his magnificent proportions, his beauty of form and style in union with such power, without paying a tribute of respect and honor to those who have done so much to improve this unrivalled breed of draft horses. But the point is the multiplication of varieties, breeds or families, adapted to specific purposes. Here is where the breeder's skill has been shown. There were good horses, no doubt, long before modern civilization began to mould them to its purposes.

Nor has the application of skill and genius to other classes of stock been less marked. We do not mean to imply that perfection has been attained in any, but we say that what has been done already is sufficient to open our eyes to the possibilities of the future, and to encourage us to renewed labor with redoubled energy and perseverance. The field is open and there are triumphs which any man may be proud to gain.

OAK FORESTS.

Oak timber is disappearing from Europe with great rapidity. France, with an annual production of 1,320,000,000 gallons of wine, is especially injured by this change. In 1857 she imported 20 000 000 of staves; in 1866 she imported 63 000 000 at a cost of $9,000,000. Most of this timber came from Austria. France requires every year 1,500,000 cubic feet oak timber for wine casks, 600,000 for her fleet, 150,000 for railway cars, and 750,000 for building purposes. In 1826, oak staves were worth six cents each of our money; in 1866 they were worth fourteen cents each. In 1826 the total value of improved staves was $4 000 000; to-day the total value is $30,000,000. A similar increase in the importation of oak for the next thirty years would probably double the present price.

When Cæsar marched into Gaul he found two-thirds of its surface covered with forests; now the forests cover but one-seventh of its surface. France, after losing Alsace and Lorraine, contains 135,009,000 acres, of which 20,000,000 are covered with forests. Of these timber lands, the state, the commune and public institutions own 7,500,000 acres, the remainder belonging to private persons. M. Thiers, in a speech made in the corps legislatif last year, said there was danger that timber for building purposes would disappear, and urged that no state forests should be sold. In Norway, the central administration of forests declares that it is necessary to stop the cutting down of timber. Norway, Sweden and Finland not only furnish pine wood to England and the European countries on the Atlantic, but to Rio and Australia. Their exports of timber have doubled during the last ten years, while the local consumption is five times that of France.

In France, since the time of Colbert, in 1669, no oak has been felled until full grown, that is, until within thirty years of its probable decay. This rule was confirmed by the law of August, 1827. Near the end of the last century the forests laws were changed, excepting this protection for oaks. Up to that time the production exceeded the consumption; but since then speculation has arisen, and the tall trees have been cut down. In the communs forests the destruction has been slower, although the valuable trees are disappearing. Oaks of nine feet in circumference abounded in the state forest at the beginning of the present century. Now they are rarely found. The consumption of oak timber in France has trebled during the last fifty years. In 1866, $50 000 000 worth were consumed, of which $3,000,000 worth were imported against $25,000,000 worth consumed in 1820, of which $2,000,000 were imported.

The same enormous consumption is going on all over Europe. France, with 40 000,000 inhabitants, still possesses 20,000,000 acres of woodland, while Italy, with 25,000 000 inhabitants, has 1,250 000 acres. England has no heavy timber but her traditional oaks, and her imports are twice as large as those of France. Her distant colonies furnish very little timber, a special restrictive law having been enacted in India, March 1, 1866, to preserve the forests from destruction. Holland and Belgium are also nearly denuded of timber and are large importers. North Germany is rich in forests, but within half a century she has begun to cut down young trees, and is now importing from France.

Austria has sold her forests at auction since railways have been introduced. Foreign speculators have thus cut down to the stumps forests in the Cracow and Slavonian districts formerly inaccessible. This timber is sent by the way of the Save and Julian Alps to Trieste, to be shipped thence to Western Europe. These woodlands contain but 250,000 acres. The timber is now nearly swept off from them. Five years ago one of these forests of magnificent growth was sold at about $18 an acre. Spain and Greece are almost absolutely woodless. In Sicily, Mount Ætna was called "nemorosa," wooded, by the Romans, because of a belt of two hundred and fifty thousand acres of forest which surrounded it midway to the top. Now there is nothing to be seen but the bare rock.

The condition of the forests of Europe shows the importance of this subject, and the need that exists of giving it careful attention in this country. The German government has just issued a decree creating sixty-three forest "administrations" in Alsace and Lorraine, each to superintend fourteen thousand acres of land, thus following up with vigor Napoleon's measures for preserving the forests.—*Evening Post.*

Porcine.

SWINE AT NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

Col. Curtis, writing in the New York *Republican* of the Swine Exhibition at the New York State Fair, writes the following sensible words:—"Of the larger white breeds the Yorkshire and Jefferson County filled the pens. We saw but one Chester White on the grounds. This once popular breed had been greatly injured by selling to the public an inferior grade of animals. Some of the breeders of the Cheshire or Jefferson County hogs are in danger of bringing that breed into disrepute by mixing them with hogs of different characteristics and points and still adhering to the name. In this way confusion arises and a difference in appearance which is noticeable and which begets disgust. A breed is a breed, and for why? because they (the specimens) have characteristics which are similar and which are perpetuated from parents to progeny; they become thorough bred when their peculiarities are transmitted in the blood without difference or change. This principle is obvious by upset when we see in the same litter of pigs some with upright ears, a distinctive point in the Jefferson County breed, and others with lop ears, which marks the Chester White and the large Yorkshire. Humbuggery may flourish for a season but the end will come. There is nothing so important to a breeder as to know the points and features of the breed he is raising, and to allow nothing else to go out from his stock or to be introduced. If the breeder makes a change, it is his right to do so, but let him give the new stock a new name, or no name, or at all events, not continue a name when the breed has been mixed or changed."

Questions & Answers.

PRINTER'S INK.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have noticed in the *Ploughman* that printer's ink, applied on tarred paper around trees, *Farmers' grubs from* [illegible] *all they see in newspapers, must* [illegible] *better observe the results themselves.* I have the past week applied as advertised, and have carefully watched the result. I found the grubs plenty, and marching over the ink. I then applied another coat of ink, thinking I had not put it on thick enough, but the grubs made their way up the trees, in less than one hour. I killed twenty on one tree above the ink, and fifty grubs on the limbs four feet above. I give my experience for the benefit of farmers, as they are the sufferers, and those who have not used it had better not rely too much on the virtues of *printer's* ink. Yours truly, G. A. TAPLEY.

Revere, Mass., Nov. 10, 1871.

We thank Mr. Tapley for the communication of his experience in the use of printer's ink, but we think it is due to the public to let us know something about the quality of the article. In our communication in reply to a question as to the use of this article we stated explicitly that it must be of good quality. A common poor quality of ink may not be an effectual preventive. We know that some of the best farmers of Essex county have used printer's ink with great success. We should be glad to have Mr. Benjamin P. Ware, of Marblehead, states his experience in its use, and what he knows of the use of it on other orchards besides his own. We cannot help thinking Mr. Tapley has been unfortunate in the quality of the article he used.

So far as we are concerned we do not ask farmers to believe all that is said "in newspapers." Ours is an agricultural paper, so we "don't take" the remark as applied to us. All we ask is "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." If an article asets a man to thinking and experimenting it is useful even if it turns out not to be "according to Ganter." But let us hear what Mr. Ware has to say.—[ED.

COWS IN SWANSEA.

Editor Massachusetts Plougaman:

In this town there are about four hundred cows, mostly natives, yielding probably 720,000 quarts of milk per annum, or six quarts per day for each cow, for three hundred days. At four cents per quart this would amount to $28,800.

If thorough bred cows were kept which would give, eight quarts per day for three hundred days, which at four cents per quart would amount to $38,400, or $9,600 more than is received from the native stock.

We are beginning to appreciate the fact that it costs no more to keep a good cow than a poor one, and are inclined to purchase better stock.

Shall we keep Ayrshires or Jerseys—is a disputed question of some importance. I believe it is admitted by all that an Ayrshire cow will give the greatest quantity, and the richest milk, but a given quantity of milk from a Jersey cow will yield the most butter. From this we infer that for the milk seller or cheese maker the Ayrshire is the better cow.

I have no data by which to determine which of the two will make the most butter in a season. If the Ayrshire will yield equally as much, she is entitled to our preference, on account of the greater quantity and richer quality of the skim milk, unless the butter from the Jersey is of superior quality and *commands a better price.*

In "Milch Cows and Dairy Farming," page 25, Mr. Flint quotes and endorses the following opinion:

"For purely dairy purposes the Ayrshire cow deserves the first place. In consequence of her small, symmetrical, and compact body, combined with a well formed chest and a capacious stomach, there is little waste, comparatively speaking, through the respiratory system; while at the same time, there is a very complete assimilation of the food, and thus she converts a large proportion of her food into milk. So remarkable is this fact, that all dairy farmers who have any experience on the points, agree in stating *that an Ayrshire cow generally gives a larger return of milk for the food consumed than a cow of any other breed.* The absolute quantity may not be so great, but it is obtained at a less cost; and this is the point upon which the question of profit depends."

Yours truly, N. B. GARDNER.

Swansea, Mass., Nov. 13*th*, 1871.

CONCERNING POTATOES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

One year ago last spring I planted my Early Rose the first day of May. My garden is a sandy loam and only moderately manured each year. The twenty-fifth of July following I dug a bushel of assorted potatoes from thirty hills, and sold them for two dollars. Thinking I might improve upon the yield and also upon the time of ripening, I prepared my ground last spring and planted the tubers the twenty-eighth of April. On the fifteenth of last July I dug eighty-three pounds of assorted potatoes from twenty-three hills, and sold them at the rate of two dollars per bushel. In either case the treatment was the same. The tubers were cut so as to have but two eyes in a piece, and but two pieces were put in a hill, the hills being very near together.

One other fact I wish to mention in regard to the matter, and that is, that potatoes have been raised upon the same land for more than fifteen years, the quality being uniformly good.

There has been much written about the cultivation of the potato, but I am of the opinion that much more might be said to advantage. Let practical farmers give to the readers of the *Ploughman* the results of actual experiments, together with such observations as they would impart to those who are willing to ask, receive and profit by good advice. Farmers meet together and talk over matters pertaining to their vocation. *Book Farming* is nothing but a record of this social talk a little more grammatically expressed. Then why hesitate to talk through the columns of an agricultural journal more than by your own fireside or in the village store? CHARLES H. BRADLEY,

Princeton, N. H.

Fish Culture.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

ICHTHYOTECHNY.

ARTICLE NO. I.

It has been proposed by Dr. I. H. Slack, one of our most successful fish breeders, to substitute the terms ichthyotechny and ichthyotecnist for pisciculture and pisciculturist, which are more commonly used for fish culture and fish breeder. These terms are preferred for the sake of euphony. The sibilants derived from the Latin, are pleasant neither to the lips nor to the ear. Ichthyotechny, then, is the art of breeding fish artificially, derived from a knowledge of their habits. It is only the fresh water flabes, or those anadromous varieties that come into our rivers and the estuaries for the purpose of laying their spawn, that are available for the purpose. The numerous tribes that inhabit the sea and breed only in its waters, are not likely to be multiplied by human device. But those that come into our rivers and push their way hundreds of miles up to their sources for the sake of finding a suitable place to lay their young, are subject to the inspection of man. He has found out their habits, the time of their annual visit to fresh water, their mode of depositing and fertilising their eggs, the period of incubation, the proper food of the fry, the time they remain in fresh water, and the certainty of the return of the fry of all migratory fish to the waters in which they were bred. This knowledge of the instincts of fishes is the foundation of the modern science and art of fish breeding.

It may be asked, if we can improve upon Nature? In some respects we can. There is no doubt that many more turkeys are raised in the domestic state than were ever grown in the wild. On the farm we are able to guard both eggs and young from the many enemies that constantly waste for them in the forest. The ichthyotechnist, by learning the habits of shad and salmon, is able to prevent the terrible destruction that awaits the spawn and young fish. In the natural state a very large proportion of the eggs escape impregnation, and a still larger proportion are devoured by fishes and their enemies soon after they are dropped. Every spawning bed is rooted over for the precious seed, and then when the few fish come to life they are preyed upon continually in their passage to the sea. The breeder takes the milt of the male and female of milt and spawn just at the right time, impregnates from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of the spawn, incubates them perfectly so that nearly every egg comes to life, protects the fry during the frailest period of life, and in the case of the salmonidæ, feeds them and keeps them in safe quarters for a year or more until they are turned out to take care of themselves. It is only the extraordinary fecundity of fishes that prevents their total extermination in their natural state. Art comes in and makes this fecundity available for human wants. There seems to be no limit but food and water to the multiplication of any variety of fish. Their habits and the principles of breeding are so well understood, that any desired quantity of spawn can be taken, and any number of fry raised in suitable waters. Trout and salmon yield about a thousand eggs to a pound of live weight, and a five pound shad will give fifty thousand. With such fertility at his command, the breeder has an easy task before him, if he understands his business and has suitable conveniences for rearing fish.

Fish culture has always been practised by the Chinese, as far back as we have any knowledge of them. There fish are reared in the greatest abundance, and form a very large part of the animal food of the people. The art was also practised extensively by the Romans. Lucullus, we are told, "at his house at Tusculum, on the shores of the Gulf of Naples, dug canals from his fish ponds to the sea. Into these canals, fresh water streams were led, and pure running water thus kept up. Sea fish that breed in fresh water passed through the canals into his ponds, and stocked them with their young. When they attempted to return to the sea, flood gates barred their egress at the mouths of the canals, and while their progeny were growing, the parent fish supplied the market." The value of Lucullus's fish ponds was estimated at a quarter of a million of our money.

After the fall of Rome we do not hear much more about fish culture until the fourteenth century, when a monk of the Abbey of Reome is said to have discovered the art of breeding fish in wooden boxes, with wicker work at the ends, and sand upon the bottom, which is something like the modern arrangement. It was re-discovered again in 1763, by Jacobi, a German, and during his day many gentlemen practised the art, but it was not popularised.

It was reserved for Joseph Remy, a French peasant, to make fish culture a practical business, and to demonstrate to the French people, and to the world, the feasibility of re-stocking barren rivers with fish. He knew well that fish were prolific enough, and he set himself to discover why it was that so many of the streams of France were impoverished, or entirely wanting in fish. He ascertained that the scarcity was owing to the immense amount of eggs that never came to life, the enormous quantity of fry that were devoured by enemies, and the hard fishing of the streams before the survivors had time to grow to the reproductive age.

It was only so recently as 1849, that the labors of Remy, and his assistant Gehin, were brought to the knowledge of scientific men. The French Government then took hold of the matter, and the system was rapidly extended to all the rivers of the country with the most gratifying results. It added much to the comfort of the people, is a rapid and cheap increase of fish as an article of food, and, in some cases, little fortunes were made by intelligent farmers, who had suitable waters for the propagation of fish. The efforts of Remy culminated in the erection of a great fish hatching establishment at Huningue, under the direction of Professor Coste.

Great attention is now paid to the business in France, Germany and Great Britain, and a marked improvement has taken place in all the rivers favored with the artificial propagation of fish. The salmon streams of Great Britain and Ireland, once greatly impoverished, are now steadily increasing in the yield of this excellent fish, and salmon and [illegible] trout are a favorite [illegible] more within reach of laboring people.

In this country we have derived pretty much all that we know of artificial breeding from France and Great Britain. As a practical business it is yet in its first decade. Seth Green, among all the experimenters, was the first man, who made any money in the business, and this was owing mainly to the extraordinary facilities of his stream for procuring the parent trout. In the breeding of shad, (Alosa tyrannus), a fish not known in Europe, Seth Green has invented a hatching box that gives him a world-wide fame, and makes the whole country his debtor. There are now forty or more fish breeding establishments in this country, principally confined to the breeding of trout. All the New England and Middle States have appointed Fish Commissioners, and the process of re-stocking rivers has begun.

Thus much of the history of ichthyotechny.

FOOD FOR PLANTS.

BY DR. JAMES R. NICHOLS.

[Concluded.]

I have said so much in public addresses and through the press upon superphosphates, that I ought not to dwell upon the subject here. But I must be permitted to say that the persistent exposure of frauds, and the explanation of the true nature of the article have had the effect to improve the character of the commercial phosphates very decidedly, but still it is far from what it should be. After much observation and thought upon the subject, I have reached the conclusion that it is difficult if not impossible for manufacturers to supply in a large way, through the ordinary channels of trade, superphosphates, or any compounded fertilizer, so as to give the former a just return for his money. The reasons for this conclusion are, that the elements of plant nutrition, or the three most important agents which should enter into fertilising compounds, phosphoric acid, potash, and nitrogenous bodies, have a fixed market value, and the difference in price between their purchase in moderate or large quantities, is not great enough to give to large manufacturers an advantage worthy the attention of honest men. A bag of nitrate of soda, (300 lbs) holding nitrogen, or of kainrite (chloride of potassum) holding potash, or a ton of bones or coprolites, holding phosphoric acid, can be purchased at original sources of supply at a cost but a trifle higher than is necessary to pay for the [illegible] of ammonia or as nitric acid. These should be conjoined with phosphates and potash in considerable amounts. For potatoes, phosphates and lime are required; and the latter element, lime, enters largely in the leaves, and is an important article of food for the vegetable. Gypsum or plaster, which holds lime and sulphuric acid, is a valuable manurial agent for potatoes, especially on moist land. I have used it with satisfactory results. Roots, and also wheat, should be supplied with magnesia, as it is found largely in the form of phosphate, in the ash of these plants. But enough has been said to show that each variety of plants demands peculiar kinds of food, and unless it is supplied by the soil, or through our agency, it is impossible for them to flourish.

During the past eight years I have been endeavoring to guide the operations of a farm in accordance with the teachings of science, and I am happy to say that I have not been led astray. It has been a delight to observe how exact and beautiful are the laws of nature, as displayed in the productions of the fields. There has never been a time when soil cultivation, as a pursuit, was more hopeful and promising than the present. We have just learned the important fact, that an abundance of plant food has been stored up for use, in mines and rocks, and that we have only to reach out our hands and take all we require. Ten years ago who could have dreamed even of such vast deposits of potash as have been opened up to us at the Stassfurth salt works in Germany. Some idea of the supply may be formed from the fact that at the present time more potash is furnished from these mines than from the wood ash sources of the whole world. About 13,000 tons of potash were sent to market from the United States and British America in 1870, and yet Stassfurth where a dozen years ago it was not supposed that a single ton could be procured, 30,000 tons of the muriate of potash were manufactured and supplied to consumers upon both continents, during the past year. The surface salts at these mines which hold the potash, are practically inexhaustible, and millions of tons will be supplied in succeeding years. No doubt our own salt mines will be found upon careful examination to afford potash, and hence we may look with confidence to the rapid cheapening of this most useful product.

Ten years ago who could have supposed that along the river beds upon the coast of South Carolina there were millions of tons of rocks holding that important element of plant food, phosphoric acid. These rocks were indeed known, but their important character was not understood. The phosphoric rock beds of that region extend over an area of several hundred square miles, and the beds are in places twelve feet thick. It is estimated that from five hundred to a thousand tons underlie each acre. How vast is this supply of an agent of the highest importance to agriculture, and what a source of national wealth is open to us. At the present time, there is great activity in the work of grinding these phosphatic rocks, and with the aid of acid, preparing the superphosphate of lime for agricultural uses.

Let me press upon your attention in closing two important and interesting considerations. One is, that nature has provided ample materials to supply all our wants. In mountains and caverns and streams she has deposited all elements and combinations, which are essential for our well being and progress, and it is unreasonable and wicked to doubt regarding the future; and second, do not disparage science, but sustain and foster it, for it holds the key which is alone capable of unlocking nature's storehouse, and bringing forth from the dark recesses of earth, those rich materials which have been provided for our sustenance and happiness.

☞ The wealth of some of our dairy districts is enormous. Herkimer, N. Y., ships annually over 17,000,000 pounds of cheese and 300,000 pounds of butter, worth $4,500,000 in the market. St. Albans, Vt., ships 1,000,000 pounds of cheese and 2,750,000 pounds of butter, worth in the market $1,250 000. The village of Willington, Ohio, shipped 4,000,000 pounds of cheese in 1869, worth $1,500,000.

☞ Governor Perham of Maine is no dairy official, but a genuine farmer. On a recent tour of inspection to the Swedish settlement in Aroostook county, the Governor noticed some wheat which he thought was not properly secured. He at once put up several "tooks" after the Yankee manner, which was a new way to the Swedes. They will profit by the lesson.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

FARMING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY LEVI BARTLETT.

The summer is past, and the harvest is ended, which enables us to take a retrospective view of the farm products of the past season in this section of the old Granite State.

The hay crop, here, as in many other sections of the country, has fallen far below the general average of previous years. Perhaps a deficiency of one-third is not far out of the way. The result of this deficiency has been to reduce very much the price of cattle from that of years past. But sheep have improved in value somewhat over that of several years past. The price obtained for the last spring's clip of wool and the prospective prices have brought about this enhanced value of sheep, though I think the tide is setting strongly for the mutton breeds, rather than for the Merinos.

To make up, in part, for the light crop of hay there was a great amount of fodder corn grown, and there have also been large quantities of western corn and shorts brought into this and adjoining towns, and freely purchased by our farmers, many of whom never before purchased a bushel of corn or a pound of shorts. Fortunately for us, the corn and shorts were brought into town when they were at their lowest market price. Car load after car load were distributed among our farmers at eighty-five cents per bushel, and shorts at twenty-eight dollars per ton. Now, from ten to fifteen cents advance on corn, and a corresponding advance on shorts, with the above named aids to our winter forages, farmers are not obliged to sacrifice their cattle at ruinous prices.

The corn crop in this State is extra. The monthly report of the Department of Agriculture for October, credits New Hampshire with an average yield of corn over last year, of eleven per cent. How we grow such a corn crop with so little rain as we had from planting till harvesting, is a mystery that would puzzle an Arago to explain.

Wheat and oats, full average yields. The new varieties introduced into cultivation in this country within the past few years, mostly through the agency of the Department of Agriculture are quite large. Thus on the eastern experimental farm in Pennsylvania, in the autumn of 1870, there were sown broadcast seventy-five kinds of wheat within two days, also in the spring of 1870 there were sown on said farm thirty varieties of oats, the lightest weighing twenty-six and a half pounds per bushel, the Excelsiors [illegible] that came up to that weight; in 1869 my Excelsiors weighed forty pounds per bushel; in 1870, thirty-eight pounds, suffering badly from drought; in 1871, forty-three pounds per bushel. The September monthly Agricultural Report gives an amount of two fields of Excelsior oats grown in Idaho, one on irrigated land, forty-nine pounds per bushel, another on "high and dry ground" yielding seventy-nine and a half bushels per acre weighing forty-nine pounds per bushel; common oats, sixty bushels per acre, weighing thirty-four pounds per bushel. (*Nota bene*—I have no Excelsior oats for sale, having parted with all I have to spare.)

Potatoes in this section have given fair returns. I have heard no complaint about the *rot* that was so prevalent here long years ago. I can remember when there were but two varieties of potatoes grown *hereabouts*; varieties can now be counted by the hundreds. On the experimental farm above named in 1870 there were planted one hundred and thirty varieties (by name) of potatoes; they were planted in rows of one hundred and twelve hills each, side by side. Breesee's Prolific gave the greatest yield, viz., two hundred and twenty and one-half pounds, Skerry blue, twenty-eight pounds, Mountain June, Pink Eye, is put down as yielding only seven pounds; this may be an error of the type.

In Paschal Morris's *Practical Farmer* Nov. number, I find the following statement. "Willingboro' Farmers' Club, Burlington, Co., New Jersey. The above named club have been speculating in Breesee's King of the Early potatoes. They bought seed last spring, and succeeded in raising *nearly* eight hundred bushels per acre—which *stumps* the world. On the result, a public sale was made of the potatoes, the Club realising a fine sum. There were also some of Breesee's Peerless sold, bid off as high as forty-nine cents for a single potato." Forty-nine cents would seem to be a great price for a single potato, but isn't a priming to what that variety sold for some over two years ago; one single potato, it was said, sold for $50, and Mr. Hussey of Berwick, Maine, paid $5 for one single eye of the Peerless potato, and made a good thing of it too!

A day or two since we had a fall of about one foot of snow, which makes pretty good sledding. If this "snow hangs on" and winter sets in for good, it will cause a good deal of trouble for lack of water, for both the houses and barns; a large portion of the wells in this vicinity are *dry*, and the owners thereof have had to procure water from the rivers and brooks for a long while past.

A week or two since a Farmers' Club was organized in this town, and from present appearances will prove a popular and useful institution during the coming winter.

Warner, Nov. 13*th*, 1871.

☞ A Canadian farmer named Harvey, and whose melon patch had suffered much from the stealing propensities of boys in the neighborhood, recently attempted to put a stop to his trouble in an ingenious way. One night as some men were passing his farm they heard the report of a gun, and ran to the place whence the sound proceeded, and there found Harvey standing over a boy who lay moaning, said he had been shot in the back, and refused to tell his name. The farmer ordered the men to leave, telling them he intended to shoot any other person he might find stealing his melons. So the neighbors were terrified, and boys refrained from robbing the patch thereafter

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 25 1871

THE AWARDS OF THE NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Col. George W. Riddle, Treasurer of the New England Agricultural Society, has just accepted a design for a diploma, and contracted with Messrs. W. H. Forbes & Co., of this city for four hundred copies, which will be ready for delivery to exhibitors at the late fair in Lowell about the first of January. Col. Riddle has also contracted for seventy-five bronze and sixty-five silver medals, which will be ready for distribution about the same time. The Society has paid out about $7000 in premiums, and will receive an equal share with the Middlesex Society of four or five thousand dollars, the net proceeds of the fair.

MILK AND ITS PRODUCERS.

The approach of the time fixed for the convention of the Milk Producers at Meionon Hall, in this city, on the first Tuesday in December, renders it proper to urge on the farmers the necessity for a large representation and a determined manifestation of sentiment. They cannot have perused the effective articles on the subject that are now in course of publication in the *Ploughman*, without being moved to immediate action. What is needed mostly now is united action. It should be prompt, courageous, and bold. Shall the clay say to the fashioner of it, what makest thou? Shall the dealers, who do not own a cow along the whole route traversed by their drivers and agents, dictate to the actual producers and fashioners of their fortunes both prices and quantity? Here is the whole matter in brief; on one side the great consuming public, on the other the milk producers; a third party steps in with its trade machinery, invented to grind out profit only for itself and loss to both the others, and presumes to lay down the law, superseding entirely the old law of demand and supply, to say to the producer what he shall be content to sell for, and to the consumer of what quality the article shall be which he is compelled to pay for.

These are times of investigation, and reflection, and revolution. People are not altogether content to sit down under an abuse because they find it imposed upon them. They take the liberty to inquire who originated it, why it is there, and what is the reason it cannot be removed. And the fleecing milk dealers will shortly discover that this spirit has been actively at work among the farmers, stirring them up to undertake co-operative schemes in th ir own interest. The moment the farmers resolve to throw themselves into a movement of this sort they become masters of the situation. Instead of having milk returned upon them one day, and demanded of them in impossible quantities on another, they will consign their production to agents and factors of their own, whose relations with them will at once be close and just, yielding acceptable results to all concerned. There is not to-day any serious question as to the general desire that the farmers shall take the management of the market into their own hands; the only hesitation comes at the point where the consumer makes his appearance in the field.

In other words, how may the producer reach the consumer, and both be satisfied? The middleman theory may be necessary for the present in respect to the average products of the farm, but in respect to such an article of constant family consumption as milk, on whose purity the health of a whole generation directly depends, it has no essential application. The farmer need not sacrifice anything like the half of what he now sees grabbed from his pocket, in order to establish and support a comprehensive system of distribution. A milk producers' exchange is as feasible as a corn exchange, or a shoe and leather dealers' exchange. The machinery needed is simple, and there must be plenty of minds capable of inventing it at once. Only let the producers individually make up their minds firmly that the existing extortion shall be terminated, and they will open as fast as they advance. Frank discussions of the matter in convention are the very thing wanted. Let the coming meeting, then, be of the character which we have above indicated, and the result will surprise even those who take part in it. The producers are indignant; the consumers are dissatisfied; and the tyrannical dealers are at the mercy of both. The only thing to do is to bring about a union that will crush the latter out. If the farmers would have the public help them, they have but to show first their ability to help themselves.

TAXES TO BE REDUCED.

Washington despatches make the gratifying statement that the Senate Finance Committee will soon take up the subject of the revision of the customs tariff and internal revenue laws. The relief is entertained by prominent members of the committee, that fifty to one hundred millions of taxes may be taken off without detriment to the public service. And it is said that Secretary Boutwell gives the project his cooperation. The study of the committee should be directed to the best way of accomplishing the reduction so that the benefit should be felt in those articles which are of most general consumption. The benefit to be people should be regarded rather than the advantage accruing to distillers, tobacco manufacturers, &c. We hope that the annoying in ome tax law will receive prompt attention, and while on the subject of the tariff, one of the first objects of reduction should be the tax on coal, tea and coffee, which would be more acceptable to the majority of the people than any other.

The worst of it is that when these subjects come up, Congress is beseiged by an army of manufacturers and representatives of class and local interests, who complicate matters that the interests of the people generally are apt to be lost sight of. Any bill which seems to favor one class or locality over another, is attacked by some influential class or other, in every one of its beneficent provisions. And in running the gauntlet of interested opposition usually raised, it becomes one of the most difficult things to carry through any plan for the amelioration of the system by which there are collected from the country one hundred millions of taxes more than is required to pay the expenses of the government and the interest on the debt. Let the committee introduce a bill to throw off the taxes on articles that enter into the daily consumption of the people, and there would be a universal voice in favor of its adoption. There would be no difficulty in finding these subjects for reduction, and action on them need not be delayed to the end of a session until all private and political schemes are disposed of.

Groton Farmers' and Mechanics' Club.—This prosperous and wide awake Club, held their annual meeting for the election of officers on Tuesday evening, Nov. 14th. The Club elected the following officers for the coming year. President, Hon. Daniel Needham; Vice President, Moses P. Palmer; Secretary, J. A. Bourne; Treasurer, George S. Gates. The Treasurer's report shows the Club to be in a thrifty condition, and weekly meetings will be held, as usual during the winter for general discussion of agricultural subjects.

☞ The best farm in England is kept by a woman, and took the first prize recently offered by the Royal Agricultural Society. It is a farm of 400 acres devoted to pasture, grain and stock. The soil was originally poor, but had been much improved by skilful treatment.

THE WAR OF THE DOCTORS.

Last Tuesday was the day which the Massachusetts Medical Society had appointed for passing upon the right of physicians of the homœopathic school, who were members of the Society, to remain therein. About six physicians were summoned before a board of trial of five members of the Society, of whom Dr. Safford was chairman. At the appointed time the doors were closed and the spectators excluded. Seven gentlemen appeared in answer to the summons, but before any important steps were taken an injunction out of the Supreme Court was served on the body by a deputy sheriff, forbidding them to expel any member for the cause alleged, that is for practising homœopathy. The President of the board decided that it did not prohibit investigation from going forward or from declaring a party guilty or innocent.

About an hour had been occupied in preliminaries before the injunction was served, and Dr. Parks addressed the council stating the charges and arguments in favor of them. The charges were to the effect that the practice complained of was in violation of a by law of the Society. The accused filed an answer denying the charge, and protested in a formal document against the investigation. Further proceedings were postponed.

The Arrival of Prince Alexis.—The long expected arrival of the Russian fleet at New York with Prince Alexis on board took place last Sunday. One of the fleet had previously arrived, bringing the news that the Prince was actually on his way from Madeira, where the fleet had put in for a short stay. The frigate Svetland, in which the Prince is a lieutenant, under Capt. Komes, left Madeira Oct. 10th, and experienced stormy head winds and heavy seas during almost the whole passage. The Svetland as well as her two consorts, the Abreck and the Bogatire, performed the voyage without any serious damage, and all on board were well. The fleet is commanded by Vice Admiral Possiet. As soon as the arrival of the flagship in the lower bay was telegraphed, Minister Catacazy proceeded down the harbor in the steamer of the health department, and welcomed the illustrious guest. Every preparation was made for the grand reception in the city on Monday. On that day, however, an easterly rain storm prevailed, and the ceremonies of reception were postponed.

The Grand Duke Alexis is the third son of Alexander II, Emperor of Russia, and was born January 14 1850. Early in life he gave his attention to the navy, and has had a thorough nautical education. His personal appearance is thus described. He stands six feet in height, has broad shoulders and is well built and of good physique in every way. His features are regular and not noticably prominent in any given particular, but bear a striking resemblance to those of his Imperial grandfather, the Emperor Nicholas. He has a high intelligent forehead, and his face is open and frank as that of an innocent schoolboy. His hair is blonde, of a darkish hue. He wears short side whiskers and a neat mustache of the same hue. He has grayish blue eyes, which look straight ahead. His teeth are white and sound the word "sound" describes the man.

Mexico.—Advices from Mexico report that a formidable revolution is in progress against the government of Juarez. Porfirio Diaz is at the head of a formidable army, and some of the most important States of the republic have pronounced for the revolutionists, and in almost all of the States pronunciamentos, as they are called, have been issued. The governors are resigning and general alarm everywhere prevails. The army is discontented, and many officers with their commands have joined the rebellion. The government is paralyzed, the treasury is bankrupt, and the revolution is popular with the people. A change in the government is expected to be brought about by the first of January. It is the repetition of the periodical disturbances in that distracted country. Trade and commerce languish, there is no security for property, and it is mere luck and chance that determines which side is safest to join for protection. The nation is evidently unfitted for a republican form of government, and the ferment will only be allayed by the most powerful leader getting the upper hand, to be again displaced in time by another revolution.

Settling of a Mine.—The town of Hyde Park, Pennsylvania, was last week subjected to one of the catastrophes which sometimes happen in mining regions. About three o'clock in the morning numbers of citizens in a portion of the town were awakened by a rumbling noise like an earthquake, accompanied with violent shocks, so that the people fled from their dwellings. The cause of the alarm soon became apparent. The town was built over a coal mine, and some of the shafts gave way or collapsed, causing a sinking of a large tract of earth above. The earth cracked and settled an average space of two feet, extending over an area of ground of about twenty acres, covered with many fine buildings in the heart of the town. Walls, ceilings, floors were thrown out of place and in many cases buildings were almost entirely destroyed. The damage was estimated at $130,000. The people were greatly frightened, and we should judge that the value of real estate generally in the town must have become greatly depreciated.

MOUNTAIN TUNNELS.—The success of the tunnel under Mont Cenis, and the great benefits to be derived from it to the countries it connects, has suggested the feasibility of a tunnel under Mount St. Gothard. A plan and estimate have been made, and it is said the contract has been completed to do the work. The work is twice the length of the Mont Cenis tunnel, and difficulty is anticipated at Andermott in passing through the beds of rivers. The company is to raise $20,400 000, and the government interested will grant a subsidy of $17 000.000. The peaks which are to be tunnelled vary in hight from 8 750 to 10,900 feet. The immediate and prospective advantages of these great works are so apparent that the governments interested will no doubt find it for their advantage to assume the whole expense if private capital cannot be induced to undertake it.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN OF DECEMBER 12, will not be visible in the Western Hemisphere. The line of totality commences in the Indian Ocean, on the coast of Hindostan, near Bombay, and then passes east in a great circle over Sumatra, Java, New Guinea, through the islands of the Pacific and terminates on the equator in mid ocean. To speak more accurately, the central eclipse begins in longitude 61 degrees east of Greenwich and in latitude 16 degrees north, and ends generally in longitude 178 degrees west of Greenwich and latitude zero. The sun and moon will be in apparent conjunction for three hours and wenty three minutes, although the period of actual total obscurity at any one point of the earth's surface will be but a few minutes.

THE APOTHECARY CASES. Some months since the internal revenue officers made an extensive raid on the apothecary stores in this city and vicinity, with a view to compelling them to observe the provisions of the law as to affixing stamps on various articles sold by them. Quite a number of them were indicted, upwards of a hundred, and one or two of the cases have just been tried in the District Court, with a verdict in favor of the government. These were made test cases, and while the proceedings are delayed to have the law of the cases settled by a higher court, the rest are continued to await the result. The apothecaries have combined to defend these cases to the extent of the law. If they would combine to bring a powerful influence on Congress to repeal the obnoxious laws, they would be conferring a real benefit on the community as well as themselves.

CHICAGO AFTER THE FIRE.

LETTER NO. VI.

Correspondence of the Ploughman.

CHICAGO, Nov. 17, 1871.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.

The Chicago Relief Committee is now giving aid to about 18 0.0 families, in the aggregate some 80,000 people, the expense amounting per day to nearly $19, 00 if we reckon at a low estimate the cost per capita at 30 cents.

It is said that up to the present time, between one and two millions of money has been received. Thus far the season has been remarkably favorable to the poor, both as regards mild weather for the employment of labor in building, clearing away, &c., and the saving of winter fuel. So that one can scarcely avoid the comparison of the cost now in extending relief where it is most needed, and the certain necessity which must soon arise, for helping a larger number at more expense through the long cold months of a winter on Lake Michigan.

It is a fair proposition, if $20,000 per day can be judiciously expended now, and no person who knows anything of the condition of things here can deny the honest purposes of the gentlemen in charge of the duty of distribution, that $30,000 daily expend ture for charity, will be required during the month of January, for our poorest citizens. I notice several paragraphs in eastern papers that Wisconsin and Michigan need assistance more speedily, and the need was greater than that existing in Chicago, and further that a portion of the money forwarded here had been subdivised for personal purposes which so far as I can learn is far, very far from the fact.

So far as Wisconsin is concerned, a recent letter given to the public by Governor Fairchild, would go to show that ample supply had been received for the sufferers there, and the tidings from Michigan are cheerful and to the effect that from all quarters, clothing, provisions and money were daily pouring in and all immediate necessities were provided for. We are rejoiced that so much has been done there and here. If one thing rejoices afflicted hearts more than another, it is that brethren and neighbors of sister states feel the common bond of gratitude and thankfulness. Chicagoans are unselfish, God knows. Their acts have always proved this, and we cannot see any good reason why such men as are at the head of our Relief Committees, working as they are, by night and by day, with burdens and cares beyond measure, should have their conduct disparaged and their civility and integrity impugned

This is not the character of such men as Messrs Pullman, Laird Collier, Wirt Dexter and others, whose labors have made them foremost and highest, in a greater position than men before the fire ever attained to. Rulers of peaceful nations sink into utter uselessness before the work performed and philan hropy exercised by some of our noblest citizens in this crisis in our affairs; the excitement of the hour is gone, the poetry of ruin, the terror, the fright have given way to sturdy work which is executed with brain and muscle, integrity, and a single eye to economy.

Some reasons exist why the large expenditures should not be increased, even when the freezing weather forbids out of door labor by the thousands now at work on the brick buildings, wooden buildings, factories, etc., as for instance, the low prices of fuel; notwithstanding the destruction by the fire of some 40 000 tons of coal, a part of which still gives out smoke and flame; this is but one mercy; how shall we obtain the others, without money and with no employment offering?

Where shall we turn when business is dull, when money is tight and howling prairie winds meet us day by day? Shall the municipality of Chicago vote assessments upon bankrupt citizens for poor houses, soup houses, houses of refuge for aged women and aged men, homes for the fallen, etc.?

We can wait and see, and when the dark, pinching hungry days do come, we will brace heart to heart, and share misfortune again like brave and resolute and true Americans.

To the missionaries that you would send out to us, teach us self denial, and economy. To-day, we have had Edward Everett Hale, the forenoon preaching on the west side in Mr. Staples's church, the afternoon at Murray Chapel on Indiana Avenue, and 29th street, the evening still again preaching on the north side, or close by the desert of the north side, in a private house. The original style of this scholar, so earnest, so devotional, so sincere and trustful, and withal so eloquent, fails not here if it does anywhere, of drawing crowded audiences that listen to his words in wrapt attention and profound admiration.

His lecture to-morrow night in the large Baptist church above 22nd street, upon Mr. Boothby's "Lord Best," or the sure road to become poor, will draw an immense house and cannot fail of giving great satisfaction. One would suppose that lectures, concerts, and theatres would have small encouragement here, with so much to occupy time, and so many calls for objects of necessity, which is true of the two latter, but the proceeds of the lectures go for charitable purposes, and they will generally be well sustained through the season.

The lecture mentioned above will perhaps influence as large an attendance as any one advertised to appear, in either course this winter.

A few days hence the State Horticultural Society holds its session of several days at Jacksonville, where the various topics of it kind will come up for consideration and discussion; and from whence will go out much that horticulturists and agriculturists throughout the west will profit by.

Large green houses, flo gardens and nurseries, dot over the splendid farms of Illinois, here and there, with the singular attraction and refinement which always follow their establishment.

The taste for the beautiful is still here at Chicago, the headquarters for the sale and exhibition of the floral products before the fire's desolation; but it is dormant now, necessity holds pleasure, misfortune clouds the flower bed but brings up the grandeur and the reward of the farmer's wheat field and all that belongs to his profession.

Chicago was on the eve of forming an Industrial Association, like Cincinnati and St. Louis, for bringing together the products of farm, and loom, and garden in the autumn of each year. In the grand exhibition of a State Fair, with all the States an equal show in competition. But this too is postponed like other great projects, until the effects of fire and misfortune shall have been partially removed. The same unflagging energy and stir still pervade each street, and are at work on almost every waste spot. The labor to be done seems herculean, but little by little it will all be accomplished

The grain market has but little change in prices to note and but small difference in shipments and receipts. The shipment of merchandise from the east has been for thirty days unparalleled, and several lines have refused freight at New York and other places destined for Chicago. It would be well for manufacturers and commission merchants to consider that two to four hundred car loads of freight for this market, on each of three or four forwarding railways, will after a while, if continued, more than sup ly the real demand of our market. Dry goods, clothing, groceries, etc., are coming forward in large supply, in some kinds more than can possibly be needed for the winter sales.

N. W.

COMBINED RANGE AND FURNACE. Messrs. Lincoln & Allen, have at their store store, 79 Blackstone Street, a beautifully contrived Range and Furnace combined, which is very highly recommended. It heats three rooms by hot air flues while doing all the cooking of the family. It is a kind of range greatly needed in these days of high priced fuel. They also have a powerful furnace, called the Silver Lake Heater. See advertisement.

☞ Messrs. C. & W. A. Waters, 134 & 136 Fulton Street, are the Boston agents for *Keller's Wine Bitters*, made in California out of pure wine and with great care. They have become a great favorite with the public. Messrs. Waters also have a stock of Keller's California Wines For particulars see advertisement.

☞ Mrs. Dr. Tuck's Invalid Emporium, 28 Winter Street, is a great place of resort for advice and consultation in diseases peculiar to women. Her various mechanical contrivances for relief are invaluable. She has all kinds of surgical appliances of the best quality.

☞ No Gardener or Florist can afford to be without *Vick's Floral Guide*, which is issued for the tenth year, and as usual, describes all the new varieties as well as the best of everything old. It will be sent to any one on receipt of ten cents, to pay postage, etc. Address James Vick, Rochester, New York.

☞ A very superior *Starch* is made by the Pearl Starch Company. Their brands *Crystal Starch*, and *Satin Glaze Starch*, are claimed to be thirty per cent purer and better than most of the starches in market. The New England Agent is W. F. Robinson, 3 North Market St.

THE BEST GOODS and the cheapest for family use, is the famous Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce, to be had of every Grocer.

READ AND RUN.

—Young Grant is now on the rolling deep, and probably as seasick as most persons who are upon their first oceanic experiences.

—New York experienced a deep sense of relief and gratification at the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis, on Sunday last.

—The Astatic Indian-negro lad, of Westport, named Cuffee, has at last been sentenced to death for the unhuman murder of old farmer Howard.

—The French in Strasbourg show their contempt of their conquerors by pretending not to understand German.

—The turkeys, geese and chickens of this year have already seen their best days.

—Ninety-eight cats is the domestic feline collection indulged in by a queer resident of Washington.

—There is talk of bringing over twenty-five thousand Chinese laborers to Chicago, but the popular prejudice against the race is ineradicably strong.

—The Battle of the Dorkings comes off sure next week.

—How many persons would indeed like to be painted "as I am."

—Just as they reached the church door, a Kentucky bride and bridegroom thought better of it, and concluded to defer the whole ceremony.

—It is at length officially decided that Goldsmith Maid did beat Dexter's best time at Milwaukee, making her mile in 2:17.

—Every Saturday is to resume its old form with the new year, and will cease to be a pictorial.

—The little folks in Chicago are to be the recipients of Christmas presents from the Sunday School children of Massachusetts.

—The sinking of the ground on which stands a Pennsylvania town is the latest of the public catastrophes of this remarkable year.

—A heavy snow storm has already been encountered on the plains between Omaha and San Francisco.

—The Boston hotels appear to be about as full as they have been all along through the season.

—A talking machine has been invented, which Mr Greeley suggests should be set up in Congress.

—Grapes are abundant and comparatively cheap in our market at present.

—It is asserted that the rent of a pew in a fashionable church of an American city amounts to as much as the rent of a comfortable house for a year.

—Free Markets again form the subject of discussion in the Boston papers.

—The Eastern Railroad had hard luck with the late storm, but is all right again now.

—The Secretary of the Navy is resolved to break up the disgraceful practice of "hazing" by the students of the Naval Academy.

—Gilmore is reported to be making wonderful progress in Europe with his scheme for the World's Jubilee in this city next summer.

—The holiday trade begins to manifest positive premonitions of its coming activity.

—A good many lazy fellows in Chicago have been subsisting on charity and hanging about the saloons, but that is to be at once stopped.

—Miss Charlotte Cushman has been playing to crowded houses at the Globe, in the legitimate drama, with power and effect.

—Five thousand gallons of oysters are sent away from Fairhaven, Conn., every day.

—A soup is made of acorns by a Cincinnati cook, but we should prefer a chestnut, and roasted.

—And now a doll has been invented by somebody or another that can creep.

—Chicago is going up again as fast as work and weather can bring it about.

—A bona fellow, says the London *Lancet*, can be known to the practitioner by six hours application of a fly blister, when it can be removed by a needle or lancet.

—Setting gunpowder traps around at Cambridge by the college lads is turning out a bad business for some of them, as it ought to.

—No eight built iron barges are not allowed by the Government to transport grain on the Mississippi.

—Cholera has really arrived at New York in formidable proportions, and the authorities are labor ng to keep it down the bay and totally suppress it.

—Thomas Hill, the artist, is giving us another view of the Yo Semite, that is truly glorious.

—The largest immigration ever received from Europe in a single year is expected and planned for 1872.

—The thanksgiving fruit is arriving and has been arriving for some time. The old festival is close by.

—Du Chaillu, the gorilla hunter, will very shortly go to the white country right from Lapland.

—Boston is about to enjoy as great a musical treat as it has enjoyed a dramatic one.

—The Queen's physician says she is as sound mentally as he is himself.

—As a choice between parting with their wives or their property, the Mormons are ready to decide for the latter.

—A book on the Romance of Trade is to appear. The romancing in trade would make a more expressive title.

—A Baptist clergyman in Lowell has been taken to the Worcester Insane Asylum, in consequence of mental derangement caused by revival preaching.

—The clerk of the weather at Washington makes himself exceedingly useful to a large circle of patrons.

—Sneak thieves are around during the early part the evenings, and garroters come out a little later.

—The preparations for the Cruelty to Animals Fair make it positively certain that it will prove a triumphant success.

—The Postmaster General is expected, in his forthcoming Report, to advocate the purchase and control by the Government of the various telegraph lines of the country.

—One hundred millions of United States bonds will be called in by December 1st, after which date interest on them will cease.

—Mr. Nathaniel Whiting, a well known citizen of Boston, died last week at his residence at Watertown, at the age of sixty-nine.

—A disguised mob in Indiana took three murderers, negroes, from Jail and hanged them to trees.

—As a recent church fair in Illinois, the cooking and table honors were done entirely by the men, handsomely done too.

—Crosby intends another and a greater Opera House.

—There are twenty-one citizens of Chicago who are still unaccounted for, since the conflagration.

—The Roman Church has just sent four missionaries among the Southern negroes.

—The famous Tichborne case has been resumed in England, after an interval of some four months.

—A young Shakeress at Canaan, Mass., has almost been the victim of abduction by her father and brother. The brethren finally rescued her.

—Concord, N. H., is infested with a regular gang of young boy thieves

—Mayor Sawtell, who built the first brick house in Lowell, died there at work at the age of eighty.

—Joaquin Miller's wife, now divorced from him, writes a letter that reveals the wretchedness prevailing too often among persons otherwise gifted.

—Two burglars in New York, in attempting to escape from a pursuing officer, leaped from the top of a five story building that stood fifteen feet distant, but were finally caught. It was a desperate experiment for liberty.

—There is a probability that Spain and we may yet drift into a complication over the Cuban matters, the Hornet fanning the entering wedge.

—The Republicans of England have held an uproarious mass meeting at Bristol, which is a place famous for public meetings on politics.

—Murphy has resigned the Collectorship of New York, and Chester Arthur succeeds to his position.

—Disraeli sees fit to retract what was reported from him concerning the Queen's condition. Dr. McLeod has made A.s statement in the interim.

—Hanging a horse thief to a telegraph post, while on his way to the voting place, as they do in Missouri, is called a novel way of polling a vote.

—Louis Blanc affirms that Napoleon fired Paris, which the Louisville *Courier Journal* says it has if somebody had told Louis Blanc that Abraham Lincoln killed Booth.

—Keeping up the price of oysters is called extremely shell-fish.

—The reception of the Grand Duke Alexis in New York was after the highest style of doing those things in that somewhat noted locality.

—The London *Times* has to admit that the brutal practice of wife beating is on the increase there.

—George Francis Train is boasting of his seven hundred and fifty-sixth mass meeting.

—A widow lady wrote thus of the death of her husband; "Dear John is dead. Life fully covered by insurance."

—Mr. Harper, the owner of the racer Longfellow, is barely able to get about.

THE "PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY."

Easter Massachusetts Ploughman.

There was published in the *Ploughman* of May 6th and June 10th, 1871, a notice or description of an organization called the Patrons of Husbandry. The items in this section are anxious to learn more in regard to the Order. It is evident that something of the kind is called for in this State, and in every town. The middleman is oppressing the farmers beyond endurance, and if ever any fault is found about the fees they settle to pay for our produce, I receive the answer, you will please remember that we shall pay you just what we please, and help yourselves if you can. Combination must be resorted to, or the farming community never will have their just rights. If it is possible for you to throw any more light upon this new order, in your likable paper from time to time, it will be thankfully received by the farmers.

The circular letter written by O. H. Kelly, Esq., published in the *Ploughman* of May 6th, should be kept before the public. Will you please publish it again?—Yours truly,

C. H. H.

Still River, Mass. Oct., 30, 1871.

We republish, below, the circular of O. H. Kelley, Esq., Secretary of the National Grange "Patrons of Husbandry," for the benefit of our correspondent and all others whose attention has been attracted to the merits of this new order. As the circular more fully explains the character and objects of the "Patrons of Husbandry" than our limited knowledge of the order would enable us to do, we commend a reading of it to all our subscribers:

[CIRCULAR]

NATIONAL GRANGE, WASHINGTON D. C.

It is evident to all intelligent minds that the time has come when those engaged in rural pursuits should have an organization devoted exclusively to their interests. Such it is intended to make the Order of Patrons. It was instituted in 1867; secret associations, designed to accomplish some of the most useful objects contemplated in the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, have not only failed in this, but have proved positively injurious. The general improvement in husbandry, but to increase the general happiness, wealth, and prosperity of the country. It is founded upon the axioms that the products of the soil comprise the basis of all wealth; that individual happiness depends upon general prosperity, and that the wealth of a country depends upon the general intelligence and mental culture of the producing classes.

In the meetings of this Order all but members are excluded, and there is a ritual, embracing a symbolical ritual, pass-words, etc., and appropriate, which is designed not only to charm the fancy, but to cultivate and enlarge the mind and purify the heart, having at the same time, strict adaptation to rural pursuits.

The secrecy of the ritual and proceedings of the Order has been adopted chiefly to the purpose of accomplishing greater efficiency, cohesion, and unity, and to secure among its members, in the internal working of the Order, confidence, harmony, and security.

Women are admitted to full membership, and we solicit the co-operation of women, because of a conviction that without their aid success will be less certain and decided. Much might be said in this connection, but every intelligent woman knows that where he can be accompanied by his wife or sister, no lesson will be learned but those of purity and truth.

The Order of the PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY will accomplish a thorough and systematic organization among Farmers and Horticulturists throughout the United States, and will secure among them the most intimate social and business acquaintance with each other, for the advancement and elevation of their pursuits, *with an appreciation and protection of their true interests.* By such means—by associations—the Farmers will pass through out the country in all other avocations and among all other classes, *combined co-operative associations for individual improvement and common benefit.*

Among the advantages which may be derived from the Order are systematic arrangements for procuring and distributing, in the best and most judicious manner, information relative to crops, demand and supply, prices, markets, and transportation throughout the country; also for the purchase and distribution, at the lowest rates, of desired varieties of plants and trees, and for the purpose of procuring help at home or from abroad, and situations for persons seeking employment; also for ascertaining and introducing the merits of newly-invented farming implements and those not in general use, and *for detecting and exposing those that are unworthy, and for protecting the farmers in their purchase of the farming interests from fraud and deception, and combinations of every kind.*

We exclude political or religious discussions in the Order; we do not solicit the patronage of any sect, association or individual, up n any grounds whatever, except upon the intrinsic merits of the Order.

The better to secure greater benefits to our members, we desire to establish Granges in every city, town, and village in the United States. Information relative to organizing may be obtained by a dressing the undersigned, or either of the General Deputies.

O. H. KELLEY,
Secretary of the National Grange.
Washington, D. C.

FOREIGN NEWS SUMMARY.

ENGLAND.

A tremendous explosion occurred in a colliery at Wigan on the 15th. Buildings in the vicinity were rocked to and fro, the people rushed from their houses and a panic prevailed in the town. The sound of the explosion was heard in the country around for a distance of several miles, and much alarm was felt. Fortunately the disaster occurred after the working gangs were withdrawn, or the loss of life would have been appalling. Six men were killed, and possibly one or two more victims will be found.

THE QUEEN'S HEALTH.

Dr. McLeod states officially that he has attended the Queen for over thirteen years. He declares that the reports that Her Majesty has shown symptoms of mental weakness are unqualifiedly false.

THE COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH FRANCE.

The Standard announces that negotiations between the British and French Governments for the modification of the commercial treaty have been broken off. No cause is assigned.

FRANCE

The fiery republican Gambetta has made an important speech which has had an excellent effect on public opinion. He said that he apprehended no danger at present to the existence of the republic, but many reforms were necessary to confirm and strengthen it. The elite no should take a more active and practical interest in political affairs, and make their influence felt in the government.

The reorganization of the army was progressing, and the strongest strategic positions on the German frontier are being strongly fortified.

The court martial has tried nineteen prisoners for the assassination of Gens. Thomas and Lecompte in the days of the Commune. Eight were sentenced to death, and the rest to various terms of imprisonment.

The immense efforts made by France to pay off the money indemnity to Germany, and that in specie, have caused a great monetary crisis in France which has extended over Europe. So large drafts of specie have been paid over and hoarded up in the coffers of the German government that the greatest scarcity has prevailed, and the effects on trade are most disastrous. Paper money will have to be substituted for specie, with all the financial derangements usually resulting. Trade and manufactures throughout the land are seriously crippled, and the operatives are generally at work to provide such remedies as are possible. Heavy taxation will become a necessity.

SPAIN.

The Cortes have passed a vote of censure upon the ministry after an exciting debate, by a vote of 173 to 118. The Ministry then dissolved the assembly, and have since resigned in a body.

LOUISIANA SUGAR CROP.—The New Orleans *Picayune* says the present has been one of the most disastrous seasons for cane known in Louisiana for years. To begin with, the stubble cane suffered extensively from frost last winter, and seed cane was much injured. Added to this, the break of ground plant cane was much less than that of last year. Then the long continued rains of early summer laid an embargo on field operations for a long time. The entire season has been unpropitious, and the crop in West Baton Rouge, Lafourche, St. John, St. James and St. Charles is distressingly poor as a general thing, with, as is understood, here and there an enviable exception. In some fields the grass is as high as the cane. A number of planters will not grind at all. Some fields do not give half a hogshead to the acre.

POSTAL MATTERS.—Wm. R. Kimball has been appointed Postmaster at West Boxford, Essex county, Mass., vice P. P. Taylor, resigned; George Sheldon, at Sheldonville, Norfolk county Mass., vice H. A. Fillett, resigned; George E Kimball, at South Malden, Middlesex county, Mass, vice D. N. Badger, resigned; Wm. S. Tilton, at the National Military Asylum, Kennebec county, Me., vice William Chambers, removed; James B. Brown, at Wentworth, Grafton county, N. H., vice A. S. Hammond, resigned; Charles G. Drake, at Woodville, Grafton county, N. H. vice B. W. Ramsey, removed. The Post Office at Woodwin's Mills, York county, Me., has been discontinued.

GREAT WESTERN SNOW STORM.—*Omaha, 20th.* The sleet and snow storm which commenced here last Friday noon continued until Sunday morning. It extended over the whole country from the Rocky mountains to the Missouri river. Everything is covered with a coating of heavy ice, causing the downfall of telegraph lines. The Union Pacific trains are snow bound at different points between Cheyenne and Omaha. The storm is reported still more severe in southern and western Colorado.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

At the **Globe Theatre**, *Miss Charlotte Cushman* has been performing Macbeth this week to houses crowded nightly. This play has been put on the stage with all its characteristic weird, and with everything that could be desired in effective scenery and properties. *Miss Cushman* has produced a greater impression upon our theatre going public than at any previous appearance. *Mr. George Ya dley* has taken the part of Macbeth, which he has performed with great power. Next week *Miss Cushman* will appear in her great part of Meg Merrilies.

At the **Boston Theatre**, *Miss Lotta* has appeared in her well known repertory of plays in which she has delighted numerous audiences by her lively, piquant and fresh manners. This is her last week for the present. *Mad'moiselle Marlacchi* and the wonderful Majilton, in her great pantomime play of the French Spy, commence an engagement next Monday.

At the **Museum**, "*Rip*" has been performed every evening with increased success. Every one wants to see this, the latest and most effective of *Mr. Boucicault's* plays.

☞ There are few who have not heard of Bishop Soule's Liniment, which possesses very great curative and healing properties, and is an invaluable remedy for many complaints, which are set forth in detail in the advertisement in another column. F. W Ryder & Son, 5 Boylston Hall, Boston, are the proprietors, and they are for sale by all druggists.

—The broken New York banks are poetically referred to as the Banks of the Tweed.

—Mexico is getting all into a muddle again, and there is no telling when to come to the top

—A street in London has been named "On rien Dit-kens," which would speak prettier without the Charles.

Marine Items.

DISASTERS.

Sch Penobscott, Coombs, from New Haven, of and for Bangor (before reported lost) came into the bay during the eastern storm night of 10th inst. and came to anchor off the northern point of the harbor, where her crew left her and went ashore at House. The crew landed without much difficulty, saving their effects. The vessel has been stripped of sails and rigging, has bi ged, and will probably be a total loss. The Penobscott was nearly a new vessel of 157 tons.

Sch Frances G. Davis, of Harwich, at New York from Jamaica, reports Nov. 9, off the Capes of Delaware, encountered very severe gales from SE, with a furious sea, lasting eight hours; lost and split sails and stove cabin doors.

Oct. 31, lat 40 20, lon 68 30, barque "Champion," from Boston for Savannah.

Oct. 6, lat 34 02, lon 40, barque Polly Lewis, Johnson, from Boston, Sept 23, for Australia.

WHALERS.

Ar at St. Helena Oct. 2, barque Leonidas Stickney, New Bedford, 27 mo sp, 945 wh; ship D Solomons, New London, 520 sp, 320 wh; 7th, Nautilus, Smith, do, 45 sp, 1750 wh; brig Heman Smith, Senter, Boston, oil not reported.

Ar at do Oct. 13, brig F. H. Moore, Bassett, Boston, 100 sp 325 wh.

Hd from Sept 20, barques Globe, Tripp, New Bedford, 400 wh; Java, Manter, do 60 sp, 200 wh; brig Swift, Crapo, do. 60 sp 200 wh this season; barque Presidente, Almy, New Bedford, 260 sp; brig Abbot Lawrence, Cleaveland, Fair Haven, last of August, clean.

Heard from, previous to 5, barque Janet, Macy, Westport, 870 sp since leaving Bay of Islands.

A letter from Capt. Howland, of barque Trident of New Bedford, reports her off St. George, Western Islands, Oct. 18, having taken one small whale. Experienced unusually heavy weather on the passage out.

A letter from Capt. Smith, of the barque Nautilus of New Bedford, reports her at St Helena Oct 13, having taken 800 bbls hrbk oil last cruise on Coast of Africa. Mr. Holmes, 1st officer, has been discharged sick.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WHAT'S BEST.

What it is but few us to do
We sometimes do not know;
'Tis then we prize a friend who's true,
Our proper course to show.
His words of kindness should we heed,
And treasure in our heart,
Feeling he is a "friend indeed,"
Such knowledge to impart.
'Tis best whene'er the Boys need "CLOTHES,"
Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and *Shoes* complete,
To "CUT" them at GUNNOR A. FENNO'S,
Corner of Beach and Washington Street.
nov25 1t

Richards' Historical Catechism.

What does Boston comprise within its Municipality? The City proper, South and East Boston, which was formerly Roxbury and Dorchester, now Boston Highlands and Dorchester District, with Long Thompson, Apple, Dver and Gallop's Islands in the Harbor.

At what is its present area computed? About 6000 acres.

When was Boston incorporated a City? May 1st, 1822, 50 years the first of next May.

What was its population then? About 50 000.

What is now? More than 300,000

What is one of the principal places of business which any stranger should visit before leaving the City? GOSSOM H. RICHARDS' CLOTHING STORE in the "OLD BUILDING"

AT 24 & 25 DOCK SQUARE.

nov25 1t

CARPETS FOR THE PEOPLE.

☞ CARPETS FOR THE PEOPLE, *at popular low prices* from the auction trade sales in New York, the past week. Large lots of Tapestries, Three Frys, Extra Superfines, Kidderminsters Floor Oil Cloths, Mattings, &c., with which our customers will be supplied at less than the cost to us at our new warehouse, 76, 78, 80 and 82 Friend Street, second building from Hanover Street, Boston. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., Boston.

☞ CARPETS AT LOW PRICES. 2'0 pieces of English Tapestries from the auction trade sale of Wilmerding and Mounts. NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO. Boston.

☞ CARPETS AT LOW PRICES. Kidderminster Carpets

ATTLE MARKET.

-The market yesterday afternoon declined 10@ 15 and at the close changed hands at $12 @@ 12 for the outside figures. This of yesterday's offering, being were closed out, the market was further decline of 25@50 cents ight to some 200 head were re- ing offered here.

of Cattle ranged as follows: ty generally rated first quality or good fair quality at ...ers, oxen and cows at $ 7@ ...great grades of cattle $7 75— ...rket to-day $4 25. Extreme 6. Most of the same were ...e. Of the receipts 900 head ...7 from Ohio, 1662 from West ...nia, — total receipts for the ...9 9 last week, and 2791 some ...erings 1067 head were taken ...10 sold to country dealers ...d to speculators for Eastern ...the week 209 9 head against ...head same time last year.

...a fair supply on the market ...d no change in prices. Good ...and. We quote to day at 5 7@ ...receipts of the week 15 6 head, ...and 1645 head same time last

...HIA MARKET.

...—The offerings amounted to ...rket was dull and prices are ...bout 100 lbs. grass or corn on to ...re steady, sales at 6@@6½ per ...op are lower; receipts 17.0 0 ...s per lb gross, as to condition, ...ges higher; receipts 3900 head, ...100 lbs net, latter for prime

...OL MARKET.

...ings generally quiet, with no ...ade either on the part of buy- ...rers are taking small lots only ...consumption, and those who ...ppose are obliged to pay very ...at this point, both of domestic ...ome season is mainly strong ...ons to realize in view of the ...stocks by dra- ing on any of ...easons remarks will apply with ...the other great consuming ...Many wool dealers who are ...this stage of the season, are ...ner limits, and are holding ...which under ordinary circum- ...mpetition so seldom ... Rich Moon ...to hold a good selection of ...ch encouragement to buyers ...ng to keep the goods in supply ...ers regular customers. ...ney is tight, just now, more by ...ders of wool. The former, as ...e accumulating their products, ...paratively little Commission- ...y to make large advances on ...f current sales could be made, ...get their m ney back at the ...l sales. These difficulties of ...ation constitute the only draw- ...market and a little more ease in ...ity all grades. Whenever these ...it is certain that such receipts ...sales are carrying their stocks ...not disposed to make conces- ...ular sales. In fact, at the ...on, it is difficult to see when ...e grades or domestic wool are ...ces. The previous new land- ...cannot be put on the market ...actual use to the importers. ...hines in America, on account ...rk houses, will not probably ...the small st cha of fine foreign ...ades.

...D OIL MARKET.

...een in good demand since our ...ous issue of 25@0 bbls in par- ...e of 41 50 P gal, for manufac- ...moderate demand at the ad- ...olders. Sales were made of ...3.30 do do, and 320 do South- ...plunk and 1700 do country, ...manufacture. At New Lon- ...es. Elephant and Cumberland ...o a manufacturer in this city, ...has been dull, since the recent ...; the only sales being 200 ...3000 do Southern at 51 @ 52 ½, ...Shipping List.

...F STOCKS

...ly for the Ploughman.

...ll'd	117
...ll'd	107½
...ll'd	134½
...ll'd	144
...R.	144
...R. R	144
...ll'd	18
...ll'd	170
...ll'd	144
...ll'd	140½
...ll'd	140
...ll'd	132½

...ly for the Ploughman.

...TCHEN MARKET.

...ending Nov. 24, 1871.

...PRICES.

...NCY MARKET.

Pork, Lard, &c.	
Fresh Pork, ₩.....	10 @12
Clear Salt Strips.....	10 @11
Salted Hams.....	9 @10
Smoked Hams, ₩.....	11 @12
Corned Shoulders..	9 @10
Brisketa.....	9 @10
Smoked Shoulders..	9 @10
Smoked Ribs.....	9 @10
Sausages.....	10 @12
Pigs' Feet.....	4 @5
Lard, ₩.....	10 @—

...Veal and Mutton

Corrected by Hiscock & Son No. 9 and 11.

Veal, Leg.....	10 @12
Veal, Shoulder.....	@10
Veal, Loin.....	@14
Spring Lamb, ₩.....	12 @20
Mutton, legs.....	14 @15
Mutton, shoulder..	10 @12

...Fruit & Vegetables.

Corrected by Hiscock, Smith & Co., Nos. 97, 99 & 101.

FRUITS.

Raspberries, box....	@ —
Blackberries, box....	@ —
Cranberries, crate....	@ —
Apples, ph.....	50 @ 75
Hubbard Apples	2 50 @ 3 00
Baldwins, peck..	50 @ 75
Pears, cook'g, ph	50 @ 75
Pears, table, doz	2 @ 4 00
Grapes—	
Common, lb.....	8 @ 10
Catawba, lb.....	12 @ 15
Grapes—Foreign—	
Hall'burg, ₩ 100	1 75
Malaga, ₩ lb....	60 @ 75
Cranberries, qt.	10 @ 12
Dried Apples, lb	8 @ 12
Peaches in cans.	37 @ 40
Whortleberr's can	25 @ 37
Oranges, Havana	@ —
₩ doz.....	50 @ 75
Oranges, Messina	@ —
₩ doz.....	50 @ 75
Lemons, ₩ doz..	25 @ 37
Cocoanuts, each	5 @ 12
Bananas, ₩ doz.	1 00 @ 1 50

VEGETABLES.

Potato Onions, bu	@ 1 00
Tomatoes, ₩ bu	1 75 @ 2 00
Green Corn, do	@ —
Watermelons, ea	@ —
Potatoes, ₩ pk.	25 @ 37
Beets, ₩ bu.....	@ 75
Shelled Beans, qt.	@ —
Turnips, bush....	@ 75
Cabbages, h'd....	5 @ 12
Cucumbers, each	@ —
Sw't Potatoes, ₩	@ 4
Tomatoes, can....	@ 38
Squash, ₩ lb....	@ 2
Radishes, bush..	@ —
Mar. Squashes, lb	@ 3
Pickled Beets....	@ —
Carrots ₩ bu.....	@ 75
Beans, white, ₩	@ —
pickle....	75 @ 1 00
Onions, pickl....	@ 37
Onions, red....	@ 37
Cauliflowers....	25 @ 37
Pickled Limes, cal.	@ 50
Martinoes, Pickles	
per gall.....	60 @ 75
Green Herbs, bun..	@ —
Sweet Cider, sour	@ —
per callon.....	@ 25
Pickles ₩ gal....	50 @ 75

...LE PRICES.

...NCY MARKET.

...Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Corrected by C. C. Chamberlin & Co., Nos 79 BUTTER.

Lump, new.....	30 @ 45
Tub, prime....	30 @ 32
Fair to good n'w.	25 @ 28
Common.....	18 @ 23
Tub, old.....	@ —
Bakers', ₩ lb....	10 @ 12
CHEESE	
Factory.....	12 @ 14
₩ lb do.....	10 @ 11
Farmers' new....	9 @ 11
Farmers', old....	@ @ 8
Skim Milk, ₩ lb..	3 @ 5
EGGS.	
Eggs, fresh.....	30@ 34
limed.....	@ —

...Fruit & Vegetables, Corrected by Hiland, Smith & Co., Nos. 97.

Cranberries—

Country, bbl	7 00@ 9 00
Cape, ₩ bbl..	7 00@ 9 00
Apples, Norfolk	@ —
Western, bbl	3 00@4 50
Potatoes, ₩ bbl	2 50@ 2 75
Onions, bbl...	2 00@ 2 50
Squash, Hubb'd	@ 2 50
Orange, bunch	@ —
Havana.....	4 00@ 8 00
Messina box..	7 00@ 9 00
Lemons, box..	7 00@ 8 00
White Beans ₩ bush.....	2 25@ 2 50
Pea Beans	2 30@ 2 50
Pickles, bbls	16 00@17 00

...AY MARKET.

...Retail.

...Mills' ₩ bush	1 90@ 2 00
...Barley ₩ bush	22 00@ 25 00
...Buckwheat ₩	@ —
...bush.....	1 25@ 1 50
...Hungarian grass	@ —
...Seed, ₩ bush	2 00@ 2 50
...Wheat Spring	1 90@ —
...₩ bush.....	@ —
...Flax Seed....	2 00@ 4 00
...Winter Rye bu	1 20@ 1 30

FAIR FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The regular week y meeting of the General Committee of this fa'r was held at Horticultural Hall, Boston, Monday last, there being about seventy ladies present. The secretary, Mr. Fay, stated that the prospects were very encouraging indeed. Negotiations are now pending to secure rooms in the building in Montgomery place, opposite the hall—which if secured, will be connected with the f all by a bridge, and they will be used as coffee rooms, side shows, etc.

The tables have been located in the upper hall, and were drawn for this morning. The numbering commences on the left of the entrance, the tables being ranged around on both sides of the hall, terminating with No. 19 as the last table on the right, No. 20 being located in the vestibule of the hall, the flowers and ferns stand being located in the centre of the hall. The result of the drawing was as follows.

No. 1. Waltham and Watertown.
No. 2 Lawrence, Andover and Haverhill.
No. 3. Dunstons—Mrs. J. B. Dow of Boston.
No. 4. Mrs. J. H Sisbee of Salem
No. 5. Mrs. J. Amory Coffman of Boston.
No. 6. Salisbury—Mrs. Edward E. Poole.
No. 7. Mrs. Henry G. Fay of Brookline.
No. 8. Mrs. George G. Gove of Cambridge.
No. 9. Mrs. George Dickinson of Boston.
No. 10. Mrs. E. D. G. Palmer of Auburndale.
No. 11. The Misses Conery of Boston.
No. 12. Miss A. R. Baxter of South Boston.
No. 13. Mrs. Dr. W. H. Thorndike of Boston.
No. 14. Mrs. Dr. W. H. Thorndike of Boston.
No. 15. Mrs. Dr. W. H. Thorndike of Boston.
No. 16. Miss A M. Wellington of Boston.
No. 17. Miss—Mrs Gideon Haynes of Charlestown.
No. 18. Flowers—Mrs. G. S. Hall, Mrs Dwight, Mrs. Samuel Hammond, Miss Florence Lyman. Centre of hall.
No. 19. For Fancy and Useful Articles—Mrs. William H. Baston. Platform of hall.
Ferns and Mosses—Miss Sibyl C. Fay of Chelsea; Miss Nellie C. Hall, Miss Abbie W. Hall of Boston, and Miss Emily J. Clark of Framingham. Centre of hall.

A few tables are yet unassigned. The Confectionery, Home made Cakes, Fruit and Vegetables and Refreshment Tables are located in the lower hall. The meeting was adjourned to next Monday at eleven o'clock.

THE MILK PRODUCERS ORGANIZING.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The milk producers of West Newbury, Newbury, Rowley and vicinity, organized themselves into an association known as the Essex North Milk Producers Association at the Oxford House in Newburyport, Nov. 18, 1871, cl ose David S. Caldwell, Esq, President, Mark F. Hill, Esq., and T. G. Ordway, Esq. Vice Presidents, J. Z. Gordon of West Newbury, Secretary and Treasurer, and J Gardner Little, Esq., as delegate to represent them at the general Convention to be held in Boston early in December.

J. Z. GORDON, *Secretary.*

West Newbury, Nov. 28, 1871.

ROXBURY COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The fall meeting of this society for the choice of committees and revising the premium list, was held at the Everett House, Hyde Park, on Tuesd y, Nov. 14th.

In the absence of both the President and Honorary President, the senior vice President, Hon. Otis Cary of Roxboro took the chair.

In order to secure the best working members to act as Judges and also to divide the work among many, and at the same time have all parts of the county represented, it was voted to place no person on more than one committee, and a *general* committee consisting of Col. M. P. Wilder as chairman, and one member from each town in the county, was chosen to fill the list of judges for the year ensuing.

In revising the premium list some important changes were made. The premiums on Grade Bulls were withdrawn, and the rates were raised on pure breeds. The premiums were also generally increased on all classes of cattle.

The first premium for the largest quantity and best quality of English hay per acre, produced on any farm in the county, regard being had to the character of the soil, the mode and cost of cultivation and mowing, was raised from $20.00 to $25.00.

This ought to bring out a lively competition on one of the most important branches of general farming.

Changes were also made favorable to a larger display of dairy products. The number of pounds of cheese required in a sample was reduced from 40 to 25. Of butter the number of pounds required to be exhibited by each competitor was reduced one-half. In the first class from 20 to 10 pounds and in the second class from 12 to 6 pounds.

In the horse department no changes of importance were made.

Perhaps the most important improvement was the striking from the list all premiums or gratuities for native wines or cordials.

When the matter was first brought up there was some indication of a little excitement, but a few timely remarks by the Secretary, Mr. H. O. Hildreth, of Dedham, prepared the meeting for an unanimous vote in favor of striking the wine clause from the list. He said if the Society decided to continue the premium, he hoped some other place than his office would be provided for the committee and their *friends* to *taste* and *test* the character of the wines exhibited.

The Society had voted to allow no liquors to be sold on any part of the grounds, but did both allow and encourage by premiums the display of wines on their exhibition tables. And of late the so called wines had been nothing more or less than California Brandies. And the whole thing had become a nuisance and a disgrace to the good name of the Society.

A. W. CHEEVER.

Sheldonville, Nov. 16th, 1871.

☞ MR. MORGAN'S LECTURES. Rev Henry Morgan, of Mount Cenis Chapel, Boston, will be prepared in December to deliver his popular lectures now being delivered in Boston Music Hall to 1 ctures have proved a fi ancial success. In an enthusiasm than any of the lyceum courses this season in Boston. Mr. M rgan is a host in himself. He can give a whole course, and make it more profitable than most of the lyceums do has obtained $10,000 by "Fast Young Men" every-day-days last season. "Humbug" was delivered four times in Boston last season, and attracted the largest crowds of any of his lectures.

—Boston Traveller, Nov. 8.

Any Lyceum in arrears can call on Mr. Morgan. If his name and subject fail to draw he makes no charge.

☞ Lewis Wetherbee of Ashley, Mass. writes to the *Ploughman* that "he has a stalk of Rye with two heads, the only one he ever saw."

New Advertisements.

THE STATE FAIR FOR "Our Dumb Animals,"

IN AID OF THE

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,

WILL BE HELD AT

HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON,

Dec. 5 to 16, 1871.

A Committee of **1000 Ladies** representing nearly every Town in the State have charge of the Fair. In addition to the usual Fancy and Useful Goods, the following articles will be offered for sale on commission:

Vegetables and fruits of all kinds.
Manufactured Goods of every description.
Honey and Honey-Boxes.
Horses and Horse Equipments.
Cows and Stock.
Works of Art.
Flowers and Toys.
Poultry, Eggs, &c. &c.

Forward goods by Express or Freight, or send to either member of the Committee in each town. Directions and a price by mail.

FRANK B. FAY, *Secretary,*
For Fair. **46 Washington St., Boston.**
nov2 -2t

100 Choice Chickens for Sale.

COCHINS, BRAHMAS and PLYMOUTH ROCKS, from some of the best stock in America. Will be sold low if applied for soon.
Address with stamp, GEORGE SIMES,
nov25 6t South Plymouth, Mass.

Berkshire Pigs.

FROM imported stock, (the original breed,) *fat* Stock, nearly six months old. $50 a pair. Address A. T. BROWN,
nov23 2t 67 Winthrop St., Boston and Orlands.

For Sale,

AN extra lot of thoroughbred DARK BRAHMAS and PARTRIDGE COCHINS. Terms reasonable. Apply soon. C. WINSLOW.
nov25-1t* Box 52, East Abington, Mass.

For Sale,

In REVERE, on Revere Street, near the Beach, 20 acres of FARMING LAND, all under good cultivation. Inquire of G. A. TAPLEY.
Terms liberal. nov25 4t*

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THE largest, handsomest, best and most productive **MANLY RED RASPBERRY.** Grown by WM PARRY, Cinnaminson, N. J.,
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is a worker. Everybody who uses the Disk recommends it,—for painful and weak backs, lungs, loins or limbs; for nervous cough or poor circulation, for rheumatic, neuralgic and other great variety of aches, pains and ills. The Disk is simply applied and worn in any way, self-acting and durable. Physicians of eminence now prescribe the Disk: it is the only thing of this kind they endorse.

I have Dr. Rs are put up in sealed packages of one dozen each for druggists and doctors, at reduced rates. One of these excellent Disks with directions can be sent free of expense, to any one in the United States on receipt of price, $2 00, by addressing "Disk Manufactory," 9 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass. nov25-ow

Richardson's New Method FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

This well proved Method has been 12 years before the public. Careffully prepared, and highly recommended at the outset, it has steadily increased in public favor, until, some years since, it fairly reached the highest position, and seems likely to retain it for a long time.

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MANUFACTURED BY
A. J. HARRIS & CO.,
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Jan21-1y BOSTON, MASS.

New Advertisements.

The Atlantic Monthly For 1872.

DR. O. W. HOLMES will contribute a series of papers under the title of "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," in the same vein as the famous "Autocrat," which has become a household word wherever the English language is spoken.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE—A posthumous romance, Septimius Felton; or the Elixir of Life. The story supposes "The Scarlet Letter," is vivified by the events of the War of Secession, and abounds in scenes and reflections peculiarly characteristic of Hawthorne

JAMES PARTON.—The Life of Thomas Jefferson. A series of biographical articles that cannot fail to enlist universal interest.

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PROF. JAMES DeMILLE, Author of "The Dodge Club," etc. The Comedy of Terrors, a Serial Story in the author's most humorous and fascinating vein.

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HENRY JAMES, JR. Short Stories.

W. D. HOWELLS.—Essays and Sketches.

CLARENCE KING.—Papers on the peculiar phases of Scenery and Life in the Rocky Mountains.

Regular or occasional contributions may be expected from JOHN G. WHITTIER, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, BAYARD TAYLOR, T. W. HIGGINSON, T. B. ALDRICH, MRS. H. B. STOWE, MRS. CELIA THAXTER, H. H., MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, MISS CAROLINE CHESEBRO', MISS E. STUART PHELPS, and other well known writers.

Enlargement of the Editorial Department.

The Editorial Department of the ATLANTIC will be greatly enlarged with the beginning of the volumes for 1872, and will include (1) a full survey of current American, English, French and German literature; (2) monthly comment on the more noteworthy aspects of Political affairs; (3) notices of Musical events, and a candid review of Popular Music; discussion of Art and Artists; (5) resumes of Scientific Progress.

TERMS: Single numbers, 25 cents. $4.00 a year in advance; 2 copies, $7.00; 5 copies, $16.00; 10 copies, $30.00, and $3.00 for each additional copy.

Our Young Folks For 1872.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.—The leading Serial Story, entitled **A Chance for Himself.** This story will reveal the fortunes of a boy, who, after various hard experiences in which fate seemed to be against him, finally has a chance for himself. Some of the characters that figured in "Jack Hazard" will reappear here

Crusoe Life, By REV. E. D CARTER. A true story of a boy cast away on an island in Oceanica, and relating facts no less surprising or fascinating than those of Robinson Crusoe, or the Swiss Family Robinson.

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"Picture Stories" and Prize Puzzles and Questions will give additional attraction to the magazine.

TERMS: Single copies, 25 cents. $2 a year in advance. An extra copy for five subscriptions. OUR YOUNG FOLKS and ATLANTIC MONTHLY, $3 00.

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For sale by WM PRATT Opticians,
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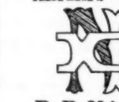
Purchasers will be particular and observe that this TRADE MARK is the end of each BOX.



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For sale by all respectable Grocers and Grain Dealers. Agents Wanted. Town Rights for sale.
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THE WINTER TERM
WILL BEGIN ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

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Administrator's Sale of Real Estate IN NATICK,

By License from the Probate Court for the County of Middlesex, will be sold at Public Auction on the premises, MONDAY the twenty-seventh day of November inst, at two o'clock P. M., so much of the real estate of Margaret Foley, deceased, and will raise the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars. The land is situate on Fisher Street in Natick, and is a part of the Homestead place of said Margaret Foley, deceased.

The sale will commence on the Easterly side of the premises.
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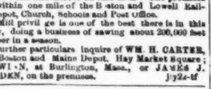

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The Poet's Corner.

From the Atlantic Monthly for December.

CHICAGO.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Men said at vespers, All is well
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.

On three score spires had sunset shown,
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none;
Men clasped each other's hands, and said:
The City of the West is dead.

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,
The fiends of fire from street to street,
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire
That signalled round the sea of fire:—
Swift words of cheer, warm heart throbs came;
In tears of pity died the flame!

From East, from West, from South and North
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing waves,
The world, full handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner stone.

Rise! stricken city! from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as Thebes, to Amphion's strain,
The songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shrivelled in thy hot distress
The primal sin of selfishness!
How instant rose to take thy part,
The angel in the human heart.

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous!

Ladies' Department.

[From the Overland Monthly for November.]

THE THREE.

A GENUINE GHOST STORY.

I had been to the theatre that evening. The play was one that imaginative people would see, and not be likely to forget. If romantic rhetoric, revolting crime, and red handed vengeance are calculated to fasten a thing in remembrance, Schiller's "Robbers" will survive the second deluge. The "rousing dramatic spectacle" left no morbid impression behind on this occasion. It had been my fate to undergo it a score of times before, and I had hardened under the process. Charles de Moor slipped into oblivion with the extinguishing of the footlights, on the evening of the occurrence of my supernatural experience.

I was domiciled on the second floor of a brick house: one of those smart, trim, martin box affairs that are wont to "prink" themselves on the retired thoroughfares of all American cities. Over the upper hall was a large skylight opening directly to the heavens: one likes to be precise when dealing with such matter-of-fact materials as skylights and heavens. It was not later than midnight when I ascended the second flight of stairs, on no thoughts intent but the soothing ones of bestowing myself into the inviting arms of Morpheus as speedily as possible. It was a preternaturally bright night out-of-doors. The unclouded disk of a full moon poured a flood of luminous radiance upon the patch of uncarpeted floor underlying the skylight. Humming a somnolent air, I passed into the hall into my room, and drew a lucifer against the wall to ignite the gas with. Just as I applied the flaming match to the jet, a whiff of wind, or of something else, blew it out, and my attention was instantly arrested by three unequivocal raps, such as only a hard knuckled, importunate individual would be guilty of perpetrating—administered, apparently, to the door of an adjoining apartment. Wondering how my erratic state could have come up stairs without being heard, I stepped into the hall. From the solidity of the raps, I expected to see a large, masculine person; but to my infinite surprise, there was no visible presence in the hall!

The door of the next room opened, and the lady, who, with her husband, occupied it, thrust out her head, and, seeing me, inquired:

"Did you rap?"

"I did not," I replied, "I heard raps, I thought, upon your door, and not having heard any one come into the hall, I stepped from my room to ascertain whence the sounds came."

"It is very strange," she said, glancing nervously about. "The same phenomenon has occurred once before to-night, and, on opening my door, no one was to be seen. What can it be?"

"Nothing," I jocosely said, "or next to nothing. I am sure it is nothing but can be easily traced and accounted for, should the phenomenon again occur. Probably it was the wind. It is tossing itself about wonderfully, outside."

She shook her head in that negative way that women will when not convinced. "I do not believe the wind could thump a door like that. The raps were too regular and methodical for the wind. It was altogether different from the desultory rattle usually produced by a gust. Besides, the doors are all shut, and there is no passage above nor below for a current of air. I fear it is an omen of evil. My husband is absent much beyond his customary hour, and I am apprehensive something dreadful has befallen him." Here she washed her hands nervously in imperceptible water, and desperately wrung them out.

"Nonsense!" This was the most comforting assurance I could think of at the moment.

Another negative shake of the head. "I don't know whether it is nonsense or good sense. Men are so hard hearted and skeptical that they always laugh faith in premonitions to scorn. I remember poor grandfather had just such a myst rious warning shortly before he died. He was splitting wood in the shed one morning, and heard three raps on the roof above his head. He looked up at the first raps, and paid them no further at ention. They came twice more, very distinct and unequivocal. He went in and told grandmother he was going to die. She kept on darning a pair of his stockings, and said, 'Do you have said—*nonsense!* Had he *did* die. He never wore the stockings she was darning. How do you account for such things?"

"Superstition, pure and simple—very simple. Should we have another call, I have no doubt we shall be able to trace effect to cause, and that, I am confident, will prove to be sixpence a piece."

She reluctantly withdrew into her room, and closed the door. I re-entered mine, and was fumbling for another match to renew the experiment of lighting the gas, when the raps were repeated with such deliberate and startling distinctness that I actually jumped into the hall, determined to be there soon enough to ascertain all about it. At the same instant her door opened. "Look!" she grasped, pointing to the patch of moonlight under the skylight. I did look, and a thrill of commingled awe and curiosity shot through me and held me spell bound. In the centre of the plat of moonlight, stretching from the skylight to the floor, was something intensely black. Of so dense a blackness was this gigantic shadow, the middle of a large trunk, that stood against the wall behind it, was completely hidden from view. Only the projecting ends were discernible.

I was, and still am, a practical man, with no glamor of the occult about me. There had been nothing in my experience upon which I could "hang the ghost" of a belief in demonology. But for once I was confronted with an "appearance" not provided for in my philosophy. For an instant I stood appalled. Curiosity to analyse this marvel soon got the better of less agreeable emotions. I approached and deliberately thrust my hand into and through it. The sensation startled me more than the appearance had. The effect was the same as it would have been had my hand been thrust into a current of Arctic air, or bucket of ice water. It was terribly cold, and sent an involuntary shiver all over me. I withdrew the hand. It was benumbed—paralyzed. Slowly the blackness drifted upward, waving to and fro, as though blown upon by a gentle wind. I looked down, and with the shriek of the terrified woman ringing in my ears, I turned and fled into my room. The lifting of that ebon drapery disclosed three ghastly misshapen, naked feet, from which exhaled a sickly, pale white phosphorescent light. It was half an hour—and seemed an eternity—before I could summon sufficent courage to look into the hall. When I did, the white footed terror was gone. I looked for the lady. She was lying in her doorway. She had fainted and fallen forward upon her face. It took some time to restore her to consciousness, and longer still to tranquility. She beseeched and implored to be instantly taken from the house. To accede to her frantic appeals, at two o'clock at night, was hardly convenient or advisable. I remained with her until her husband returned. Alarmed at her condition, he naturally inquired the cause. He was told she had had a fit of hysterics. The information relieved him of anxiety at once. An opium pill soon relieved her.

At half past two, I sought my own room, in rather a perturbed frame of mind. The moon shone clearly through the sky-light. Assuring myself that the phantom was gone for *that* night, I essayed to find a match with my right hand. It fell upon the table like a stone. I had forgotten it was paralyzed. With my left I lit a match, and then the gas. I disrobed myself, as expeditiously as the use of one hand would admit, turned down the gas, and jumped into bed. I closed my eyes. No sooner had I done so, than I heard three faint, measured, sepulchral raps, emanating, this time, from a door in the lower hall. I concluded to lie still and await developments—or quiet—wh chever the fates might decree. I was nervous, and think I was justified in being so. I even envied the woman in the next room the oblivion brought her by the opium pill. I thought I would get up and procure one for myself, but did not. By unconscious degrees, I fell into a doze, from which I was awakened by hearing, or thinking I heard, feet coming up stairs. I listened. "Pat-pat-pat," quick and light; then, a sudden cessation. After awhile, I dozed again; and again, "pat-pat-pat," on the stairs, quick and light, awoke me. I mused on the systematic regularity of the sounds. Three raps, three feet, three steps. Was *Three* a potent of a coming event? Did it signify three hours, three days, three weeks, three months, or three years? Did I actually hear and see what I saw and heard? Or was I mad? My head felt like a ball of molten fire. My heart was beating with the rapidity of a battle reveille. I lifted my right hand to my forehead. It was as cold, stiff, and senseless as the hand of a dead man. These things were so. I was not deceiving myself—it was not an illusion. I would get up and rush into the street—anywhere, out of this house of the Infernal. I sprang from the bed, and groped for clothes. Doing so, I chanced to glance up at the transomlight over my room door. It consisted of three panes of glass. In the centre of each pane, flashed, for a luminous in tant, a fiery figure "3." Again, *Three!* The terrors of apprehension climaxed here. Nature could endure no more, and the reaction came. I laughed aloud—ghastly. I cared for nothing. "Can't you do something in the Four or Five way?" I exclaimed; "this Three business is becoming monotonous." I awaited and expected something diabolical in response. Nothing came. I went out into the hall and looked down stairs. I saw nothing. The moon had gone down. The first faint, ashy gray light of the early morning shimmered in a feeble, uncertain way through the skylight. I sat down on the head of the bed and pounded the wall with my paralyzed hand. Richard's soliloquy, "Here to-night; but where to-morrow night?" flitted through my mind. "No matter where," I muttered, and leaned my feverish head against the stair rail. I slept. I had an indistinct consciousness of the blissful fact, and that I inwardly said "Thank God!" I heard the street door open. I heard a rustling in the lower hall, and then, footsteps on the stairs—"tap-tap-tap," quick and light; then a sudden cessation. The cabalistic *Three*, again. The steps were repeated, with intervening cessations, up the first flight of stairs, through the middle hall, to the foot of the stairs upon which I sat. I glanced down. Standing in a zone abreast of each other, at the foot of the stairs, I saw the outlines of three black figures, bearing in their hands before them a floating, white object. "Tap-tap-tap," quick and light, the three figures came up three steps and stopped. All black—nothing but black. What was that *white* something in their hands? I could not define it. "Tap-tap-tap." Three steps nearer. "Tap-tap-tap." Nearer still. Three more ominous "taps," and they were but three steps below me. They made a movement forward, the white object in their hands unfolded. *It was a shroud!* "Stop!" I shrieked, and sprang up, fully awake. I looked for the funeral *Three*, fully confident they were there, and saw—not ing! I heard the birds singing, outside; the beneficent sun was shining through the skylight; it was broad day. The husband of my terrified lady-companion thrust his rumpled head out of his door and growled: "What are you standing there for, in next to nothing, and yelling like a lunatic at *nothing?*" I made no response, but retired to my room, threw myself on the bed, and slept soundly until one o'clock. I awoke with mind refreshed and right hand *sensible*. If there was any thing in omens, I cogitated, somebody in this house is on limited time. Three hours, three days, three weeks, or three years will decide it. All those epochs have passed, and all who were occupants of that house then are living now. The lady removed the next morning. Nothing could have persuaded her to remain. She was in continual dread of the re-appearance of those horrible feet. Of the after sights, I was discreet enough to say nothing. The story is not quite all told yet. The subsequent morning, on the floor where the apparition had stood, I discerned the distinct imprint of three naked feet, bleached, as it were into the very wood. They are to be seen to this day.

If the reader insists on being made acquainted with my convictions regarding the matter, I frankly confess that I have none. I am just as positive that what I saw was not, as I am that I saw it. People who put not their faith in ghosts, nor in any thing else, will say this narrative is all a hoax. I wish it were. With such, seeing is not believing, neither is actual contact positive proof of the proximity of the unparalled truth.

LOVE SEEKS AN OBJECT.

Regarded as a sentiment, love is possible in respect to principles; but, regarded as a passion, it is possible only touching a person. No one dies for abstract truth. Ideas live it, connect it with something tangible, and man will die for it,—not before. Even then his self-sacrifice is impelled by regard, necessity, or the force of collateral circumstances. A patriot does not lay down his life for liberty in the front rank of battle with the same feeling which fills the bosom of a frontiersman when he dies fighting at the door of his log cabin in an heroic attempt to defend his wife and children from the murderous savages. We admire beauty, we reverence virtue, we praise modesty as elements of character; but never until these are embodied, until the eyes behold them clothed in physical form, never until the woman who, we believe, represents these qualities, stands before us, do we love them. The qualities we admire; the woman we love. Here, at this point, you see how love educates one in worthy directions. The man loves the woman, the woman the man, and each the qualities that the other represents. Each educates the other into a finer appreciation, a truer regard, a higher emulation, of the virtues each embodies; and thus, as Tennyson sings,

> "They grow together,
> Dwarfed or Godlike, bond or free."
>
> —*Rev. W. H. Murray.*

AMERICAN WOMEN.

This is what Dr. Holland says on the subject of the physical condition of American women: There are other signs of improvement in the American, and these relate mainly to the female side of the nation. The American Woman has long been regarded by Europeans as the most beautiful woman in the world. This she is and has been for twenty-five years, without a doubt; and as the circumstances of her life become easier, her labor less severe and her education better, she will be more beautiful still America never possessed a more beautiful generation of women than she possesses today, and there is no doubt that the style of beauty is changing to a nobler type. The characteristic American woman of the present generation is larger than the characteristic American woman of the previous generation. It comes of better food, of better clothing, better sleep, more fresh air, and less of hard work to mothers during those periods when their vitality is all demanded for their motherly functions. We venture to say that the remark has been made by observers thousands of times during the past summer, at the various places of resort, that they had never seen so many large women together before. Indisputably they never had.

LOVE, FORTUNE OR POSITION.

Who marries for love, takes a wife; who marries for fortune, takes a mistress; who marries for position, takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for your house and friends, a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will rule you, your lady will manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearances. If you are sick, your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will require after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, and your lady your debts. If you die, your wife will weep, your mistress lament, and your lady wear mourning.

Which will you have?—*The Christian.*

From Our Young Folks for December.

THE STORY OF THE PANSY.

BY MARGUERITE G. TOWNSEND.

Long years ago, there lived in the south of France a poor young wood carver with his little fame sister. Their home was on the edge of a forest, and often, as Paul sat at work, the glimpses he caught of swaying boughs and flitting birds filled his mind with quaint and beautiful fancies, which under his skilful fingers took a visible form, and were carved into curious and delicate shapes. All day long his little sister rested on her low couch by the window, and busied her fingers in making the finest and minutest of lace, while her corner was brightened by a box of pansies on the window-sill, where bloomed a profusion of these lovely flowers, with all the varied hues of a summer sunset. Thus the lives of these two young people flowed on for several happy years, till a sudden grief came upon them with bewildering force.

The autumn had come, and the forest was beginning to lose its green beauty, when a fever broke out in the neighboring village, and raged with such terrible violence that all the inhabitants who were able to go, fled to the nearest towns, and soon, from among Paul's many rich customers, not one was left. No one came to the cottage to buy his beautiful carvings, and the little sister's lace was no longer in demand. Poverty was a new thing for the brother and sister, but they bore it bravely, trying to cheer each other with hopeful plans for the future, while they kept up at least the appearance of content.

As the weeks passed on, the fever abated; but for some reason the customers were slow in returning, and it made Paul's heart ache to see how pale and thin his sister had grown, how listlessly her hands lay folded in her lap, and how mournfully she gazed out of her window, past the pansies, to the blue sky that shone through the trees. He could not bear to see her fading, day by day, when he knew that strengthening food would soon restore her.

One sunny afternoon, Paul was crossing the wood on his way home, after a journey to the town, where he had been trying to sell his carvings. Having met with poor success, he was in a more despairing mood than ever. Right before him, in a leafy nook, were two plump pheasants, whose golden plumage shone in the shifting sunbeams. Suddenly a thought flashed into his mind, and without a moment's hesitation he caught up a stone from the path and threw it with such good aim that one of the birds fell dead, while the other, with a shrill and frightened cry, disappeared in the dense undergrowth. Paul picked up the lifeless bird and hastened home, with one idea filling his mind,—that now Aimee should have some nourishing food.

Arrived at the cottage, he plucked the pheasant, and in a little while, having cooked a most savory supper, carried it in to his sister. The girl was lying back on her couch, tired and weak, but the pleasant odor of the broth made her turn her head with an eager curiosity that was in itself new and encouraging. Little persuasion was required to induce her to taste it, and her brother looked on with delight to see how hearty she enjoyed her supper, and how soon the blue bowl was handed back, quite empty.

This was not Aimee's last satisfactory meal, for Paul went often to the wood for game which he killed. He knew, it is true, that the forest belonged to a certain baron, who was said to be a stern and cruel landlord; yet the young man had so long looked upon the wood as his home, had been so accustomed to bring from it fagots for his hearth, flowers and moss and birds' eggs for Aimee, and to wander through it at his pleasure, that it was by a sudden and painful shock that he was brought to find himself in the wrong. It was through an innocent question from his sister that Paul first saw his fault, and then the consciousness of wrong doing, the dread of punishment, the fear of disgrace and of separation from Aimee, made his life seem a burden too heavy to be borne. The poor fellow's grief and remorse were intense, yet he felt sure that Aimee, deprived of nutritious food, would soon sink back into her old feeble condition. Tortured by these thoughts, he resolved to go but once more to the wood, and after that to try all other expedients, even to the selling of his beloved carving tools, to gain the money they so much needed.

It was quite late in the fall, yet the air was mild and pleasant, and Aimee sat at her favorite window, with the flush of the sunset on her face, and her fingers caressing the velvety petals of the pansies. Paul lingered beside her a moment, then left the cottage and took a winding path through the wood and was soon out of sight. The young girl sat watching the clouds till it was quite dark, then nestled in a corner of her couch to await her brother's return. The darkness deepened, the stars came out one by one, and soon the rustling leaves and sighing breeze sent Aimee far into the land of dreams. The night wore away and the lonely child still slept; but the first red light of morning found Paul lying in utter misery on the floor of the village prison. The evening before, he had been caught by the baron's keeper with two pheasants in his pocket, and, being unable to deny the charge of poaching, had been thrown into the jail, to wait till his landlord had heard of the arrest.

The baron had been lately married, and was still in that blissful state that story-tellers declare should follow marriage. He was sitting over his late breakfast, enjoying the society of his young and lovely wife, when the pleasant scene was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger who came to inform him of Paul's capture on the previous night. The baron's wrath was deeply kindled at the idea of such depredations upon his property, and his wife was much distressed to hear of the misfortune that had fallen upon the poor wood carver, at whose cottage she had been a frequent visitor. She tried to soften the baron's anger, but only made matters worse, and finding that her husband was implacable, she left him with the charitable intention of consoling poor little Aimee.

The girl was alone, suffering the most agonizing suspense concerning her brother, and when the kindly lady, as gently as possibly, told her of his fate, the depth and abandonment of her grief was heart rending. No amount of reasoning, no hopeful words, were of any avail,—Aimee could only lie back in her couch, white and frail like a crushed flower, and dumb and bewildered with grief. After vain attempts at consolation, the baroness left her, returning home and sent a servant to the cottage to take care of Aimee, and then sought her husband.

He was alone, and at his wife's step the shadows left his face, only to return with deeper gloom when she began to plead the cause of the poor boy and his sister. Her eloquent story of their trials and temptations was all in vain, but when at last she used woman's most potent argument—tears, his inflexibility of the baron's determination began to give way, and at last he consented to a sort of compromise. On the sideboard was a large oaken punch bowl, a marvel of graceful form and skilful carving, around whose brim the workman's genius had fashioned a slender vine intermingling with oak leaves and ivy berries. The condition of Paul's freedom was, that he should make a piece of carving that should surpass even the wonder of beauty; but, as the bowl was the work of a famous German artist, the baroness did not dare to indulge in many hopes of the young man's success. However, she immediately hastened to his prison, carrying the bowl with her card, on being admitted to the jailer, found Paul in the depth of despondency. He was grateful for her interest in his trouble, but her account of the baron's promise gave him little hope. After her departure, the baroness sent him materials for working, as well as many encouraging messages, but her kindness was of no avail. The knife refused to obey his hand, and the wood obstinately refused to take any but the most commonplace and ungraceful shapes.

All this time poor Aimee remained at the cottage, waiting anxiously for the result of her brother's labor, sending him words full of love and hope, and begging him to work hard for her sake. The baroness came often to see her, and one day, when the young girl seemed more hopeful than usual, she asked her kind friend to step at the jail on her way home, and leave a message. When the words had been repeated many times, Aimee gathered a few of her pansies from the little box in the window, to brighten her brother's gloomy room, and then with many promises and last words, the lady departed, carrying her flowers.

The jailer admitted her, as usual, but, on entering the cell, she saw that Paul was sleeping, so she laid the pansies beside him, and went away. The young man slept a long time, and, on awaking, his eyes were greeted by the bunch of bright flowers, whose presence seemed to fill the whole room with light, for they brought back the picture of his home, especially of Aimee's window, with the trees waving outside, and the sunshine streaming in. The thought of that little sister and that pleasant home filled his soul with a new hope, and, seizing his tools, he went to work with all the energies of a newly formed purpose. He carved all day long, and, when darkness came, went to rest in a happier frame of mind than before, while the pansies kept watch over his sleep during the night.

The days wore on, and Paul worked from early morning till the last ray of daylight. The beautiful work went on rapidly, and as it approached completion his spirits rose more and more until at last the eventful day came when it was announced as finished. The baron and his wife went to the jail quite early, and found the young workman in an agony of suspense. His fears vanished, however, when with trembling hands he uncovered his work, and a slanting sunbeam bathed it in a flood of golden radiance. He had made a little work table, carved of oak, in shape as graceful as a flower. Around the margin was a wreath of pansies, their petals so thin and fine that it seemed as if they stirred in the breeze, while the pointed leaves contrasted well with the finished roundness of the flowers. All down the one slender pede tal of the table the delicate buds and leaves blossomed and twined, crowding about the base in lovely and fantastic shapes. The baroness held the punch bowl beside Paul's dainty work, but the oak leaves around its brim seemed coarse in comparison. The baron taken by surprise, declared that the wood carver's liberty had been fairly earned, and promised to forgive past offences, and to supply him with work for the future.

That very day saw the brother and sister once more united; and while Aimee nestled close to Paul in perfect content, he said, with a glance at the box in the window, "Ah, Aimee! it was your bunch of pansies that brought us together after all!" and ever since that time, though Paul and Aimee are long forgotten, the flower has been called *la belle pansee*,—"the beautiful thought."

Biographical.

SHAKSPEARE.

(From the London Quarterly Review.)

Brought up in the country till the age of manhood, thrown early upon his own resources, obliged to no college fellowship like Hooker, no diplomatic appointment like Spenser, he was tossed on the seething waves of the metropolis, or rather cast himself upon them, with the same boldness, perhaps the same apparent recklessness, as he had entered on a marriage at eighteen, when he was no better than a poor apprentice de foreman to a failing glover in a poor country town. Of his life-struggles—and they must have been many—he has left no sign. Of his patience, his endurance, his solitary determination, whilst unassisted and unadvised he carved out his way from the safe obscurity of Stratford to the highest pinnacle of fame, he has told us nothing. This early familiarity with the hard realities of life left no trace on his mind, as these things leave scars and traces on inferior intellects, beyond perhaps that sympathy with humanity, that profound appreciation of it in all its forms, which is one of his greatest characteristics as a poet.

How far the circumstances of his life and times may have determined or assisted the development of his genius it is not easy to ascertain. Of no other English poet can it be said with greater justice: 'Poeta nascitur, non fit.' Many, indeed, of Shakspeare's enthusiastic admirers will not allow that he owed anything to art or to learning. They claim for Nature and for natural inspiration alone those great masterpieces of invention in which others have professed to find traces of the most profound philosophy, the most acute physiological knowledge, the clearest distinctions of races, the fullest appreciation of all forms of poetry, the exactest study of man and nature.

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The rapidity with which Shakspeare poured forth his wonderful conceptions, the mirror-like bright with which he emerged from the throng of his contemporaries, the endless profusion of his genius, the most consummate judgment and knowledge of his art and its requirements, combined with a luxuriant energy and a teeming imagination that seemed utterly inexhaustible, might well have provoked the wonder and envy of his less favored rivals. Their most careless and irregular productions, thrown off under the pressure of necessity or on the impulse of passion, could not keep pace with the creations of Shakspeare, in whom the deliberate energy, the studiousness, the conscious reticence of the artist are as conspicuous as the fertility of his imagination and the impetuosity of his genius. 'In beauty,' says Lord Bacon, 'that of favor is more than that of color; and that of decent (becoming) and gracious motion, more than that of favor.' In the plays of the poet's contemporaries, it is the beauty of color, of graceful and harmonious language; their stateliness never moves; the action never advances, or by fits and by intervals, like human mechanism. In Shakspeare, on the other hand, the action, like Nature, is ever advancing, never still; rapid, but imperceptible; 'like the sunshine-ness,' as but crescent in its faculty.' Even in the feebl of his plays—if such a term can be applied to them—this quality is remarkable. He gets over the ground with astonishing rapidity—an excellent loss to us, who read Shakspeare in the closet and never see him on the stage. He never loiters or lingers in some cool nook, or wastes his time over subordinate details, or turns out of the current to strand in muddy or shallow water, enamored of his own wit or his own sublimity. But as he rushes straight on in a fuller, more rapid, and ever increasing volume, sparkling and dashing like a river, all sorts of colors, of sights and sounds, grave and gay, pathetic and joyous, glittering and transparent, dance along the surface; now gleaming fathoms deep to the bottom, now startling and now amusing, now freezing us with emotions of uncontrollable delight, now calling up tears from some sealed and unbroken deep within us.

The poet's worldly prosperity kept pace with his reputation. The occupation of an actor alone was a profitable one in those days, and with ordinary prudence was sure to lead, not only to competence, but to wealth. But with his occupation as an actor Shakspeare combined that of a successful and prolific dramatist; and the two together soon raised him from the condition of a needy adventurer in 1585 to that of a well-to-do possessor of lands and houses, in 1597 he purchased *The Great House* at Stratford-upon-Avon, described as 'one messuage, *two* barns, *two* gardens, and *two* orchards, with appurtenances.' The same year his father, formerly in declining circumstances, applied for a grant of arms, and passed from the condition of a yeoman to that of a gentleman; and the same year he filed a bill in chancery against the son of the mortgagee who unjustly detained Ashbies, the hereditary property of the poet's mother. Next year the poet is assessed for a tenement in the parish of St. Helen's Bishopsgate, valued at £6, and is asked by his friend Richard Quiney for the loan of £30. From this year, until 1602, when the fertility of his invention poured forth some of the grandest of his productions, and popular judgment placed him far above all his contemporaries, his progress to wealth and fame was equally rapid.

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It is not known at what period he retired from the stage and settled finally in Stratford. By the spring of 1613 he had lost his father, his mother, and his only son. Two daughters remained: Susannah, married, in 1607, to Dr. Hall, a physician at Stratford: and Judith, married to a vintner named Quiney, of the same place, in 1616. During the last three years of his life notices of his purchases and employments become more rare. In 1613 the Globe Theatre was burnt, and it is gratuitously assumed that many of the poet's manuscripts perished in the flames. Had it been so, we should hardly have failed of finding some notice of such a disastrous loss in the preface and dedication to the first collected edition of his works. Nor, considering the poet's immature death, his various employments, and the number of his plays which have come down to us, is it probable that any considerable portion of his writings has perished.

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The manner of his death is uncertain. His will, still preserved in the Prerogative Office, is dated March 24, 1616. The poet's handwriting, never very good, if we may judge from the few signatures that have been preserved, and fifty years more antiquated than that of Sir Thomas Lucy, is feeble, shaky, and imperfect; very little like what might have been expected from one whose practice in writing must have been considerable, and who had in his time filled many reams of manuscript. His death did not occur until the 23rd April following. It would seem, therefore, that his death was far from sudden; and this alone would suffice to invalidate the tradition, circulated forty-five years after, that the poet died of a fever contracted at a merry meeting with Drayton and Ben Jonson. His bust in Stratford Church, his portrait by Droeshout prefixed to the first folio edition of his works, and the whole tenor of his life, contradict altogether the supposition that the poet was intemperate. If the opinion of our patient judges may be taken, the bust was executed from a cast taken after death. It was certainly coloured after life, and until it was painted over by Malone—a greater crime to Shakspeare's memory than Mr. Gaskill's destruction of the famous mulberry tree—it represented the poet exactly as he appeared to his contemporaries. The eyes were a bright hazel, the hair and beard auburn; the doublet was scarlet, covered with a loose black sleeveless gown. As in Droeshout's portrait, the forehead is remarkably high and broad; in fact, the immense volume of the forehead is its most striking feature. The predominant characteristic of the whole is that of a composed, self-possessed, resolute and vigorous Englishman, of a higher intellectual stamp than usual, but not so far removed from the general national type as we should have been inclined to expect from his writings.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

ONLY.

BY ELIZA MORIARTY.

No robin from the tree top
Pours forth a loving lay,
No daisy in the meadow,
No rose blooms by the way,
Only the heavy silence,
Only the drear decay,
Only the brown leaves falling
Into their graves all day.

No bright bird Joy is singing
Through life's chill autumn day,
No sweet rose Hope is springing
In hearts grown old and gray.
Only the fleeting moments,
Only approaching doom,
Only the shadows drifting
Into the yawning tomb.

Boston Highlands, November 1871.

MASONRY IN THE UNITED STATES.

When and where the order of Masonry was first introduced into the United States, appears to be a matter of some doubt, even among the best informed of the fraternity, and the fact that, prior to the year 1717, lodges were not compelled to keep any regular record, leaves no authentic data whereby to trace its origin. It is generally conceded, however, that Masonry in the United States dates from the year 1733, when the right honorable and most worshipful Anthony, Lord Viscount Montague, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, on application of several brethren residing in New England, appointed and constituted the Right Worshipful Henry Price as Provincial Grand Master over all the lodges in New England, who on the 30th of July, 1733, constituted the first grand lodge of Free Masons ever opened in the American continent. This was known as St. John's grand lodge, which title it retained until it was united in 1792 with the grand lodge founded by the Earl of Dalhousie, Grand Master of Scotland, of which Gen. Joseph Warren, who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill, was the first grand master in the United States. He was a successful dry goods merchant, and is generally looked upon as the father of Masonry in the United States. The order rapidly spread, and before the end of the last century a number of the States boasted of their grand lodges and grand commanderies. George Washington was a member of the Masonic fraternity for nearly half a century. He was initiated on the 4th of November, 1752, a few months before attaining his majority, in the Fredericksburg lodge. During the revolutionary war he was a frequent visitor to the army lodge, and in 1778, when the grand lodge of Virginia was formed, he was chosen grand master, but declined the position. In 1788, the Alexandria lodge, at Alexandria, Va., was chartered, and General Washington became its first master, and was one of its members at the time of his death. The lodge still preserves his apron gavel and other relics of the "father of his country," among its sacred treasures. In 1793 Washington assisted in laying the corner stone of the National Capitol, wearing a Masonic apron made and presented to him by the wife of Lafayette.

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

Dr. Cuyler says of Sarah Flower, the writer of this soul touching hymn: "She was worthy of the name. For 'Sarah' signifies a princess, and sweeter fragrance has rarely exhaled from any flower in the garden of the Lord. This gifted girl married Mr. William B Adams, an English civil engineer of superior abilities. She was of frail constitution, and amid many bodily sufferings she kept her pen at work upon various poetical productions. At what time she caught the inspiration to compose that one immortal hymn, which is now sung around the globe, we have never learned. Probably it was some season of a peculiar trial when the bruised spirit emitted the odors of a child-like submission to a chastening Father. It must have oozed from a bleeding heart. Her hymn first appeared in a volume of sacred lyrics, published by a Mr. Fox, in England, about the year 1841. The authoress did not live to catch the echoes of the fame it was to bring, for she died in 1849, at the age of forty-four. She was buried near Harlow in Essex. Presently the hymn began to work its way into various collections of songs for worship. It was married to the noble tune of 'Bethany,' and everybody caught the glorious strain. In noonday gatherings for prayer, it soon became so familiar that if any one 'struck up' the hymn, the whole audience joined in."

☞ Whatever is highest and holiest is tinged with melancholy. The eye of genius has always a plaintive expression, and its natural language is pathos. A prophet is sadder than other men; and he who was greater than all prophets was a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

ATTRACTION vs REPULSION.

Human beings are natural magnets. One is positive; another is negative. One attracts you; another repels you. One feeds or replenishes you; another starves or robs you. One throws a dark, damp, mental cloud over you, chills you, freezes you; another brings sunshine, warms you, cheers you, makes you glad and joyous. Why? Ask the Temperaments, ask the Parenologic l Faculties, and Animal magnetism, ask Psychology, what Temperaments can, and what cannot, harmonize and blend. Is there nothing in that word "incompatibility?" Is it not natural, in a spiritual sense, for "birds of a feather to flock together?" See to it that "ye be not unequally yoked." When two congenial natures unite in true matrimony, *that* is approved in heaven. Matches of seventeen with seventy are a *little* incongruous. So of refinement with coarseness, of intelligence with ignorance, and of charity with selfishness, or faith with skepticism, or of piety with infidelity. Better marry single than be tied to brutality or a vampire.

Partners in business should "look out," and not put a balky horse in the team. One bad, tricky person will bring reproach on all connected with him. Dishonest employers make dishonest employees. Heads of departments, officers in governments, who are rogues and knaves, debauch and demoralize a people. A bad captain will make a mutinous crew; a timid, fidgety teacher excites the fears and bad temper of the whole school; so a cross petulant policeman excites a rebellious spirit even among peaceable citizens; an amiable usher or sexton brings quiet, content, and happiness into even a crowded house. He is attractive, and aids the clergyman in bringing all into unison.

We can change and improve our temperaments; we can throw off evil and take on goodly influences; we can come into *rapport*, as it were, with Divinity, and lead godly lives, or we can go the other way to the bad, repelling, chilling, crushing, killing by inches those we meet. *Phrenological Journal.*

QUALITIES OF A GOOD COLLECTOR.

Is on time to a minute when the debtor says "come to-morrow at nine o'clock."

Sits on the steps and waits for his return when he says, "I am just going to dinner."

Insists on stepping out to make change when the man "has nothing less than a twenty."

Will go to an "old stager" every day for a month with a cheerful countenance "about that little account."

Doesn't mind edging into a crowd to ask a fellow.

Will take a dollar in part if he can't get ten in whole, and "credit it" with thankful alacrity.

Always suggests a check when the money is not in hand, as he can get it "cashed" tomorrow.

Always has the account "on top" so the man can make no excuse for putting him off.

Don't mind asking for it immediately after being "treated"—or pleasantly entertained.

Is never in a hurry, "can wait till you get through."

Cuts off the retreat of the dodger by crossing over to meet him, or follows him into a store where he goes to hide.

Can cough or salute when the "hard case" wan a to pass without seeing him.

In fine—is patient as a post, cheerful as a duck, sociable as a flea, bold as a lion, weather-proof as a rubber, cunning as a fox, and watchful as a sparrow-hawk.—*Columbus Index.*

☞ It unfortunately happens that no man believes he is likely to die soon; so every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done, on the supposition of such an emergency; and while nothing is so uncertain as human life, so nothing is so certain as our assurance that we shall arrive most of our neighbors.

☞ A Western paper has the following: "A lady writes to know if it is proper—that is, if it is lady like—to retaliate by squeezing back when a man squeezes her hand. Well, you might squeeze easy, just enough to let him know you are not disposed to be mean about it. But don't turn round and ask him 'How is that for high?' or he might think you too forward."

Domestic Economy.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

FROM LADY CONTRIBUTORS.

TROY PUDDING.—One cup of shred suit, one scant cup of molasses, one and a half cups of sour milk, two and a half cups of flour, one teaspoon each of soda and salt, and one cup of chopped raisins. Boil three hours.

Sauce for the same. One cup of white sugar and one egg beaten together ten minutes, then add two tablespoons of boiling water and one teaspoon of brandy or any essence that may be preferred.

COURTING IN NEBRASKA.

Ladies seem to be in demand out in Nebraska, to judge from an amusing letter in one of our exchanges. The writer, being benighted while on a sporting excursion in that State, sought lodging in a farmer's house where there were three sons and but one daughter. Shortly after his arrival, a vehicle drove up containing two young men, who were instantly ushered into the parlor. Supper was then served up, but scarcely had the party taken their seats, when the howling of the dogs announced a third young man. The mother rose to admit him, but the daughter rushed forward with a unceremonious, "Don't git up, mother! It's one of my fellows! Come in, Jim; how do you do?" The writer was now invited into the kitchen to smoke, and Jim was left in sole possession of the sitting-room. Scarcely, however, had the smokers installed themselves comfortably in the kitchen when a fourth young man made his appearance. The house consisted altogether of but three rooms. Two sweethearts were already in the parlor and one in the sitting-room. There was nothing for it, therefore, for the new comer, but to make himself as happy as he could in the kitchen, while the young lady divided her attention impartially between the four. But ten minutes had hardly passed when there were two more arrivals, who were announced as the widowers. "It was nine o'clock. We wished to go to bed, and the only bed we had discovered was in the parlor. The old gentleman divined our wishes, and said, "I'm sorry, gentlemen; but this is one of the regular courtin' nights. Them two fellers in the parlor never leave afore midnight, and Dan'll be here at ten o'clock.'" In reply to further questioning, the old gentleman said: "Friday night it's purty bad, but Sundays it's wuss. Last Sunday night there was ten on 'em; and the girl is gett